

THE AMERICAN  
**Legion**  
APRIL, 1947 MAGAZINE



**PRODIGAL SAM**

BY PATRICK J. HURLEY

**HORSES MAKE JOCKEYS, HE SAYS**

BY HAROLD ALEXANDER



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## I'll Never Forget

By Josh M. Drake, Jr.

THE horrors of war are never forgotten by combat veterans but as the months and years slip by they are thrust back in our memories like old souvenirs that are dug out of the closet and examined less and less frequently as time goes by. The big things fade but sometimes the little things that you hardly glanced at then seem to become more vivid as time goes by—such as this incident. . . .

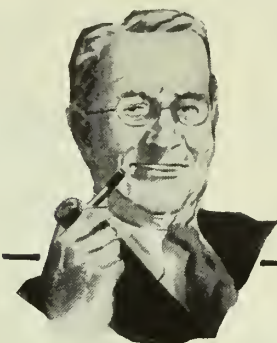
I was serving as a platoon leader in the 25th (Tropic Lightning) Division when it happened. Our regiment was opposing a Jap force in the town of Lupao, on the island of Luzon in the Philippines. On this particular day several Japs were dug in behind a stone wall and were holding up our advance with automatic weapons.

In an effort to destroy this position I armed myself with several grenades and attempted to crawl down a small ditch that led within fifteen yards of the enemy position. As a whole platoon of riflemen opened fire to attract the Nips' attention I slowly started making my way toward the enemy position.

I was forced to crawl over the bodies of three Americans who had fallen the day before when our attack was repulsed. I hardly noticed them but when I came to the fourth one I stopped a moment. It wasn't his horribly contorted face that caused me to stop, it was his hand. He was lying with his left hand flung over the top of the ditch. The fingers were spread wide apart and dug into the earth as if he had made a last desperate effort to pull himself up and take one more step toward the enemy. It was an infantryman's hand, mud-caked and grimy with days of accumulated dirt and filth. On the third finger of his hand was a plain golden wedding band that sparkled in spite of the mud and dirt. I stared for a moment, immediately dismissed it from my mind, and crawled on to accomplish my mission. I was wounded an hour later.

I thought no more of the incident for months, but one night while lying in an army hospital safely back in the States it came back to me in a dream so vivid that I awoke expecting to find myself back on Luzon in that muddy, blood-drenched ditch.

The incident, pushed out of my mind at the time, had been photographed on my brain and it will doubtless stay with me as long as I live. A day or night never passes that I don't see that mud-caked, grimy hand with the sparkling gold wedding ring on it. To me it symbolizes the utter needlessness, cruelty and folly of war.



# From where I sit by Joe Marsh

## Who Gets Off Easiest— Men or Women?

*Maybe you saw that poll recently on who has the easiest life—men or women? Of course, the men voted that the women did, and the women voted vice versa.*

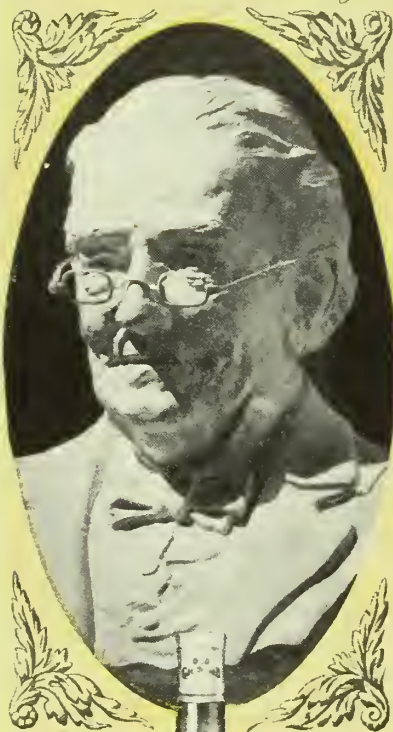
It would be the same in our town—take any family. Thad Phibbs envies his Missus spending the day at home, with no hot office to attend to. And Sue envies Thad his luncheons with the boys; and his evening glass of beer with friends (while she cleans up the dishes in the kitchen).

*Of course, none of it goes very deep. Thad knows way deep down that the Missus has plenty of work running a house; and Sue knows that Thad's friendly glass of beer is well-deserved evening relaxation after a long hard day's work.*

From where I sit, most husbands and wives may grumble now and then—but they all know in their hearts it's a case of live and let live, give and take, that comes out pretty much even in the end.

*Joe Marsh*

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# THE AMERICAN Legion

VOL. 42

APRIL, 1947

MAGAZINE

NO. 4

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—Dr. C. C. S., St. Charles, Ill.

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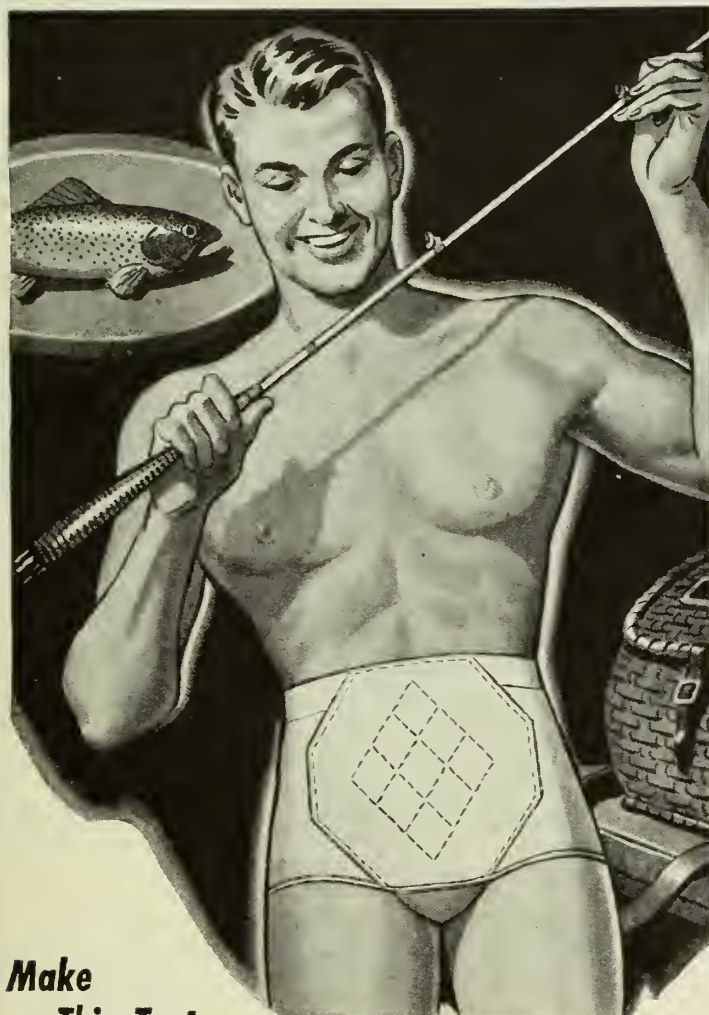
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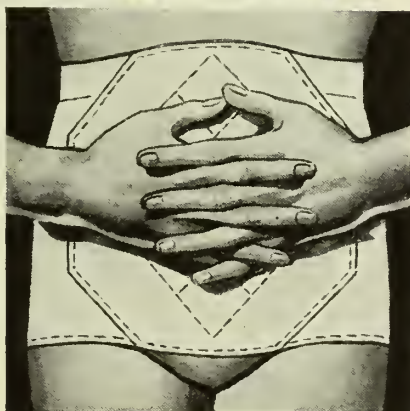


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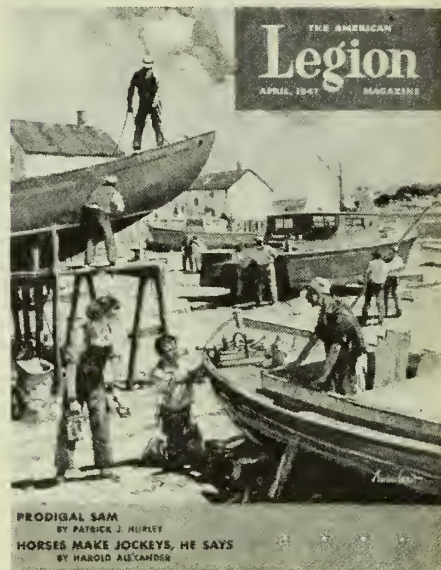
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## THE EDITOR'S CORNER



**O**UR COVER this month was done by Gordon Grant who is one of this country's most noted artists of the sea and its people. At the age of 13 Grant had his first major contact with the sea when his parents sent him around Cape Horn to England to study at Lambeth and Heatherley's art schools there. Returning to New York he concentrated on painting the sea and ships, and currently keeps in active touch with both by spending much of his time at Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Gloucester and Cape Cod.

### Brief Notes On Hurley

**T**HERE'S not much to report on Patrick J. Hurley (*Prodigal Sam*, page 9). Not much, that is, except that he has been a coal miner and a cowboy in the Southwest. He has served in every grade in the Army from private to Major General. He has been Secretary of War, Ambassador to China, and during WW2 was the personal representative of President Roosevelt in twenty-one different nations.

### The New Guinea Kid

**A**CCORDING to Ray Thorp (*Them Swinging Doors*, page 12) his most memorable events of the war were: 1.—The night in New Guinea when he learned his number was up for a 14-day furlough to Australia. 2.—Those 14 days in Australia.

We can understand Thorp's point of view. After serving in the sports department of the New York *Evening World* in the mid-20's, following this with publicity work, more newspapering and an occasional shot at magazine fiction writing in the 30's, he found himself, in the 40's, an Engineer Aviation Battalion Staff Sergeant who for some reason was more or less permanently settled in New Guinea. During his 26 months overseas he did manage to get up to New Britain for a spell, and

had finally got as far away as the Philip-  
pines (and was staging for Japan) when  
the war finally ended. But when you men-  
tion war to Ray Thorp he unconsciously  
thinks of New Guinea, than which we  
can think of no worse fate for any man.

### Ki Yi Yippie

**ALLAN BOSWORTH** is a large man,  
easily identified in any crowd as the  
guy with the handle-bar mustache and the  
ten-gallon cowboy hat. When we first saw  
Bosworth we thought that hat had some-  
thing to do with his cross-country jeep trip  
(*Buck Bosworth Rides Again*, page 16)  
but such was not the case. He is an ex-  
cowboy. He now lives on a ranch in Cali-  
fornia. ("I can stand in the center of my  
ranch and fire a gun in any direction with-  
out being afraid of hitting a neighbor's  
house.") He has written almost six hun-  
dred pulp magazine stories, mostly west-  
erns, and a hundred or more stories for  
the slick publications (slick paper, that  
is, not slick business methods), most of  
them westerns too. That accounts for the  
ten-gallon hat, but about the only plausi-  
ble explanation we can find for the mus-  
tache is that he served in the Navy in both  
world wars, and that the mustache looks  
exactly like the one we tried to cultivate,  
though without success, during duty on  
islands in the Pacific.

### Git Along, Little Dogie

**JACK R. C. CANN** (see *Woman Of Many  
Careers*, page 19) is the editor of *The  
National Legionnaire*. But he is even better  
known in certain circles as the founder of



what he terms "the two greatest boons to  
civilized society." The first is the "Anti-  
Stand-Up-For-Celebrities Association," in  
which he is now serving as President Ex-  
Officio, and which was originally formed  
because Jack hates to spill soup in his lap  
getting up for someone he can't even see  
until the soup's spilt. The second organi-  
zation is the S.O.U.P. (Society of Under-  
sized Papas) which has nothing whatso-  
ever to do with the other, and which is  
composed entirely of men whose sons grew  
up to be taller than their dads. Jack has  
two of them.

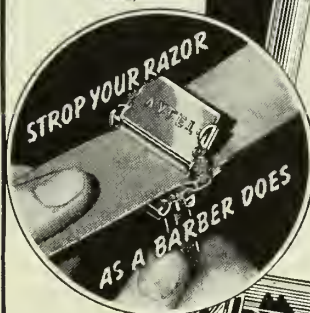
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CLIPS FOR  
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## CONCERNING COMMIES

Sir: Some of us are onto your scheme, know exactly what you are doing and why you are doing it. We refer particularly to one Baarslag's series which you have just now launched with *How to Spot a Communist* in your January issue. He might be able to accomplish something were his statements to be taken at their face value. The NAM line is NOT going to be a push-over in the U.S.A.

L. E. P.

Norwalk, Ohio

Sir: I sure am getting tired of your continual prattle of the dangers of the Communist. Now why don't you occasionally dwell on the dangers of the Fascists of which there are plenty in this country and which is rarely mentioned in your magazine, and as you realize we just got through a bloody war against the Fascists and as to date have had no war with the Communists whom you prattle about. Now let's see your magazine rant and rave against them for a change as you know one still rules in Fascist Spain. Let's see you put this in print.

P. B. LAWRENCE

Seattle

Sir: Congratulations on Karl Baarslag's article *How to Spot a Communist* in the January issue. None of us, if real Americans, sanction Communism, and a scholarly and fair article such as this one serves a good purpose. It is especially good when compared to the unfair one foisted on us readers by Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Lewis was so labor-baiting that I wrote to *Sound Off* to protest and you printed my protest. Now I hope you will run this piece of praise to Mr. Baarslag. KKK, Columbians and similar groups who peddle hate are as dangerous as the commie stooges who try to undermine us. Let us as Legionnaires keep on guard against both groups.

MARVIN ALISKY

San Antonio, Texas

Sir: Just enjoyed reading *How to Spot a Communist*. I am now waiting for *How to Spot a Fascist*. One is as bad as the other. Our own comrades who fought side by side will be fighting each other if we don't stop all subversive groups.

LEGIONNAIRE

Norfolk, Virginia

Sir: Is our Legion Magazine to become a supplement to the *Chicago Tribune*? First we have Fulton Lewis, Jr., with one of his un-American blasts and now Karl Baarslag with another piece of tripe. The only way we can get Communism in these United States is to make it so tough for the common man that he will turn to anything including Communism.

CONRAD PETERSON

Gurney, Wisconsin

Some of our readers seem to have the idea that anyone who speaks out against Communism automatically qualifies as a Fascist. The American Legion has no more use for Fascists than it has for Communists, though it seems evident



**This is your page, so sound off with your pet gripes, your brickbats and bouquets. All letters should be signed but your name won't be used if you say so.**

that we'll never convince some of our letter-writers of that unless we prove ourselves by falling in step with the Stalinists. Now what was it our little red brothers said about fascists when Hitler marched through Poland? They said, "Hi, pal!"

## MORE ABOUT PATENTS

Sir: The article *Patents on the Bargain Counter* in your January issue is erroneous in that at least since last August patent copies (except design) have been 25¢. A license under a second or any additional patents will only cost \$5.00 per additional patent. The caution to be observed and which was not brought out in the article is that a licensee to use any Alien Property Custodian owned patent may or may not infringe some American patent so that the situation is not as seemingly clear sailing as the author of this article would have it appear. The best source of information for new developments appears to be the continuous stream of captured German industrial data on method, formula, etc., which is now being published from time to time by the U. S. Government.

ELMER L. GOLDSMITH  
Patent Attorney

Indianapolis

## CHALLENGES FARRAGUT

Sir: In the February issue of the American Legion Magazine, "Ex-Peon" Norton Farragut, in a letter to the editor, makes some rather drastic accusations concerning the tasks which he, and other "peons" were called upon to perform while in military service. In order that I may do what I can at this late date to investigate the accusations which he has made, I should like to request that he furnish me the following supplementary information:

1. The designations of the units to which he belonged in which he served "many an officer (from lieutenants to a couple of generals) their breakfast in bed." I assume, of course, that the units were not hospital units.

2. The unit designation of the band where he saw men "do as much as thirty days in the brig for playing one sour note."

3. The name of the bandmaster who had his band locked up for ten days because "they happened to swing his favorite classic."

4. Further information (including unit designation) concerning the incident in which a captain forced a private to dig him a foxhole while he hid out in a bomb-shelter. Also I should like to know whether Mr. Farragut was an eye-witness to this incident, or whether his report is based on hearsay evidence.

5. The name of the officer who sent a corporal to the front lines "because he forgot to address the officer as 'Sir.'" Again I should like to know whether this is eye-witness testimony.

Without these additional facts; it will naturally be impossible to investigate the charges. I should welcome the information from Mr. Farragut either directly, or through the columns of your magazine.

F. L. PARKS

Major General, USA

Chief, Public Relations Division  
Washington, D. C.

Sir: In reference to the letter by Norton Farragut in your February issue, I am a vet with five years' service, half of it as an enlisted man in the infantry and the other half as a commissioned officer. I served in the U.S., the Pacific, Africa and Italy, with a total of 37 months overseas. In all my travels and in all of the units with which I served I've never seen any of the atrocities of which Farragut speaks. In order to make himself seem a hero he has pictured his army service as a horrible ordeal. I would like to challenge him to prove some of his vicious lies. I defy him to give the names of the officers, the approximate dates and the units to which he and they were assigned when he served them breakfast in bed. He says, "I have seen guys do as much as 30 days for playing one sour note." I would like just one guy's name, the approximate date and his organization. Give me the name, the unit and the approximate date of the incident concerning the fellow who lost two legs and one eye salvaging mess gear "because he didn't say 'sir' to an officer."

D. E. WOODSON

Lodi, California

## SPEAKING FOR OFFICERS

Sir: I read a letter by an ex-POW in your January issue in which the writer stated that in Japan the enlisted man was the fall guy. This is one of the many outstanding examples of letters written to misinform the public. A survey of the prisoner of war camps in Japan will show that in at least 95 percent of the cases the camps were actually controlled by the enlisted personnel. Furthermore, they did not hesitate to make the officers the goat for any trouble that they might have had with the Japanese. Where enlisted men were in charge they (except for a few old NCO's) always managed to have the officers' rations cut and managed to have them do the hardest manual labor. I was in five different camps in Japan and in every case the enlisted men were able to obtain for themselves a ration of at least two to three times that of the officers. And in addition they were issued clothing that was not made available for officers. As to Red Cross

supplies, I have never seen officers issued more than the enlisted men and in every case of unequal distribution, the enlisted men were favored. It is indeed unfortunate that the officers remain silent about these arguments. Such letters are usually written by individuals who would like to see our army organized as a social organization rather than an army that can win battles.

**Ex-POW FROM BATAAN**

*Stillwater, Oklahoma*

#### **CIVILIANS DON'T UNDERSTAND**

Sir: I have seen movies and heard radio plays concerning disabled veterans. Why can't they let us forget? The average civilian doesn't understand. We will get along all right.

**Ex-GI**

*McHenry, North Dakota*

#### **ABOUT B'ARS**

Sir: Russell Annabel's *Meet Mr. Grizzly* in the January issue is very interesting. When one thinks of Alaskan bears he does not normally think of the grizzly, but of the great Alaskan Brown Bear and the even more ferocious Kodiak, the largest carnivorous animal in the world. As an addendum to Mr. Annabel's article may I add a word about the grizzly's big Alaskan cousins? The Kodiak is found only on the island of that name. It grows to a much larger size than the grizzly, and is more dangerous. Though the grizzly may eat meat when he can get it easily he normally sticks to berries, fish, etc., but the Kodiak reverses these two pleasures and considers berries as second rate food. I was with the Alaska Radio Expedition in 1921-22-23, and in 1922 I met a physician who bagged a Kodiak with a bow and arrow. He did not even carry a pistol or other firearm—only the bow and arrow. He went out alone and came upon a huge male feeding on berries. The first arrow did not take effect and the enraged animal charged. The doctor stood his ground and carefully let drive with two more arrows, at least one of which took effect, and the beast fell dead only a few paces from the hunter. I take my hat off to that fellow and acknowledge both his courage and his prowess as a big game hunter.

**RUSSEL J. SMITH**

*Arlington, Virginia*

#### **TOO MUCH FISHING?**

Sir: Most of your articles are fine for the small town or farm boys. But Chicago furnished more men in uniform than any other political unit in the country, I was told. New York City must have sent three-quarters of a million to the armed forces. What do we care about those fishing articles, month after month? Frankly, Mr. Editor, I am more interested in an apartment for my family.

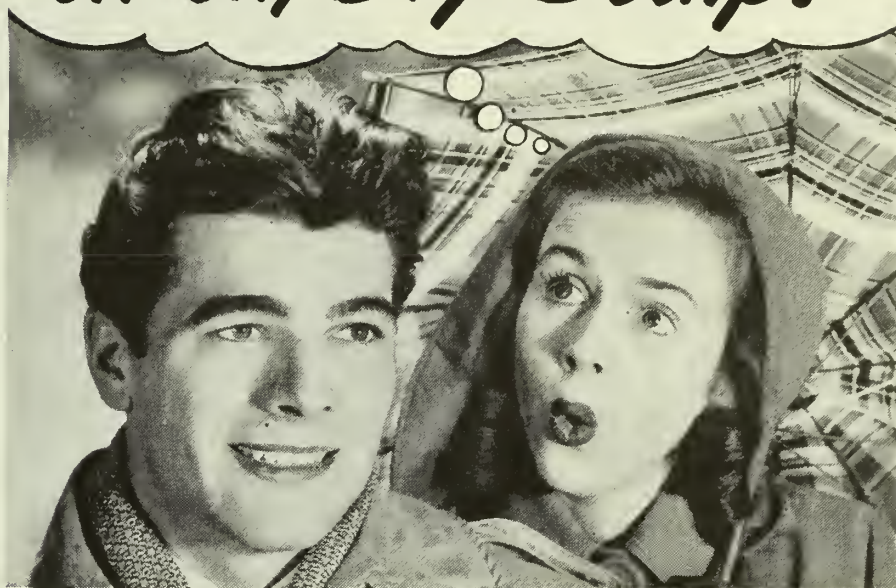
**MICHAEL DOBKIN**

*Brooklyn, New York*

*Most readers seem to like our sports articles, even the fellows from the big cities. However, we would like to get the opinions of more readers on our contents. We're trying to give you the sort of material you want, so let's have your preferences.*

April, 1947

# *oh-oh, Dry Scalp!*



**"WHETHER IT'S RAIN or shine, he *always* has a bedraggled look. His hair never looks combed . . . it's so lifeless and straggly . . . full of loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd better tell him . . . quick . . . about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"**

*Hair looks better...  
scalp feels better...  
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# PRODIGAL SAM

BY PATRICK J. HURLEY

**D**URING the past few years the United States has dissipated and depleted many of its mineral resources at an unprecedented rate. Much of this has been due to the necessity for procuring sufficient minerals both for our own and our allies' war effort. The fiscal position of the United States has also been imperiled. A glance at the charts and official reports indicates the necessity of reviewing and revising our fundamental policies.

Our minerals policies, like our foreign policy, should be national rather than partisan.

The mineral, fiscal and foreign policies of this country are so interlaced and inter-dependent that a reformation of one without the other would not be effective.

We have been following a dangerous line in encouraging a give-away policy abroad and deficit spending at home. These policies may have been intended to bring the "have" and "have not" nations closer to the same position. While detrimental to the economic well-being of the United States, these policies give only temporary relief to the receiving nations. Experience makes it apparent that the wide economic difference between the "have" and "have not" nations cannot be permanently remedied by giving away American resources.

In November and December of 1943, I drafted for President Roosevelt the Iran Declaration which reaffirmed the Atlantic Charter. The Iran Declaration was adopted at the Teheran Conference.

I also submitted to the President a plan for the Middle East whereby the United States would assist other nations in the development of their



Patrick J. Hurley

Harris & Ewing

own resources for the primary purpose of raising the standard of living within those nations. The plan I proposed *would not have resulted either in a drain on America's mineral resources or in an ultimate charge against the American taxpayer.* The plan was approved by President Roosevelt and sent to the State Department to be put into effect. It was opposed by the British, who wanted to control the Middle East nations, and was finally submerged in the American State Department after President Roosevelt's death. I have remained consistently on the record as being opposed to both Soviet Imperialism and Colonial Imperialism.

I supported the Atlantic Charter which was reaffirmed by the Iran Declaration in December 1943. The reaffirmation was signed at Teheran by Churchill for the United Kingdom, Stalin for the USSR and Roosevelt for the United States.

Every principle of the Atlantic Charter has since been violated with the

approval of the American State Department.

Let us have a fleeting glance at the charter:

(We, the signatory nations) . . . seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other."

All the territory and all the nations given to or taken by Russia was a violation of that principle and that commitment by Russia.

(We) . . . "desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned."

The people whose territory has been absorbed by Russia were not consulted—they were conquered.

(We) . . . "respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live."

---

**Uncle Sugar is handing out our resources right and left, says General Hurley, who has seen our give-away policy in operation and who says we are propping up imperialism, communism and decadent economic regimes. The American taxpayer, as usual, picks up the check**

---

That principle has been violated by France, the Netherlands and Britain, who are resubjugating colonial people. (Our effort shall be) . . . "to fur-

THE  
**AMERICAN  
Legion**  
MAGAZINE  
APRIL  
1947

ther the enjoyment by all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." (My emphasis)

We have taken special precautions to abrogate that principle in our fiscal trade and oil agreements with Britain. The principle is generally disregarded.

We have surrendered every principle for which we said we were fighting the war.

Agricultural products are, to a great extent, replaceable. Minerals are not replaceable. We have attempted to disguise the dissipation and depletion of our resources by assessing the cost against the American taxpayer. As a result, the American people are the most tax-ridden, debt-ridden people in the world. So far as I know, neither the receiving nations nor American officials have considered any fundamental plans providing for the payment of debts by other nations to us.

In addition to a give-away policy abroad and deficit spending at home, we recently agreed to the payment of approximately 50 percent of the operating cost of the United Nations. No one seems to know what this commitment may en-

our own share but the share of other nations to the Bretton Woods banking plan. We are making foreign loans at interest rates lower than the rates at which we can borrow money from our taxpayers. We are making foreign loans at lower interest rates than we charge on loans to our own veterans.

Recently we made agreements with Great Britain whereby we sold our claim on more than twenty-nine billion dollars' worth of lend-lease supplies. We also sold to Britain all our used and unused war equipment and supplies, including food, in Europe, Africa and part of Asia. In this later category there was more value than in the lend-lease which we had given to Britain. We sold all this for a token, and we loaned Britain the token with which to pay us. At the same time we loaned Britain three billion seven hundred and seventy-five million dollars.

The largest share of our gifts have gone to the British Empire, Russia and Russian satellites. We have given, too, to nearly every other nation on earth.

Not all the lend-lease supplies we gave away were necessary or even helpful to the war effort. Not all of UNRRA went to help

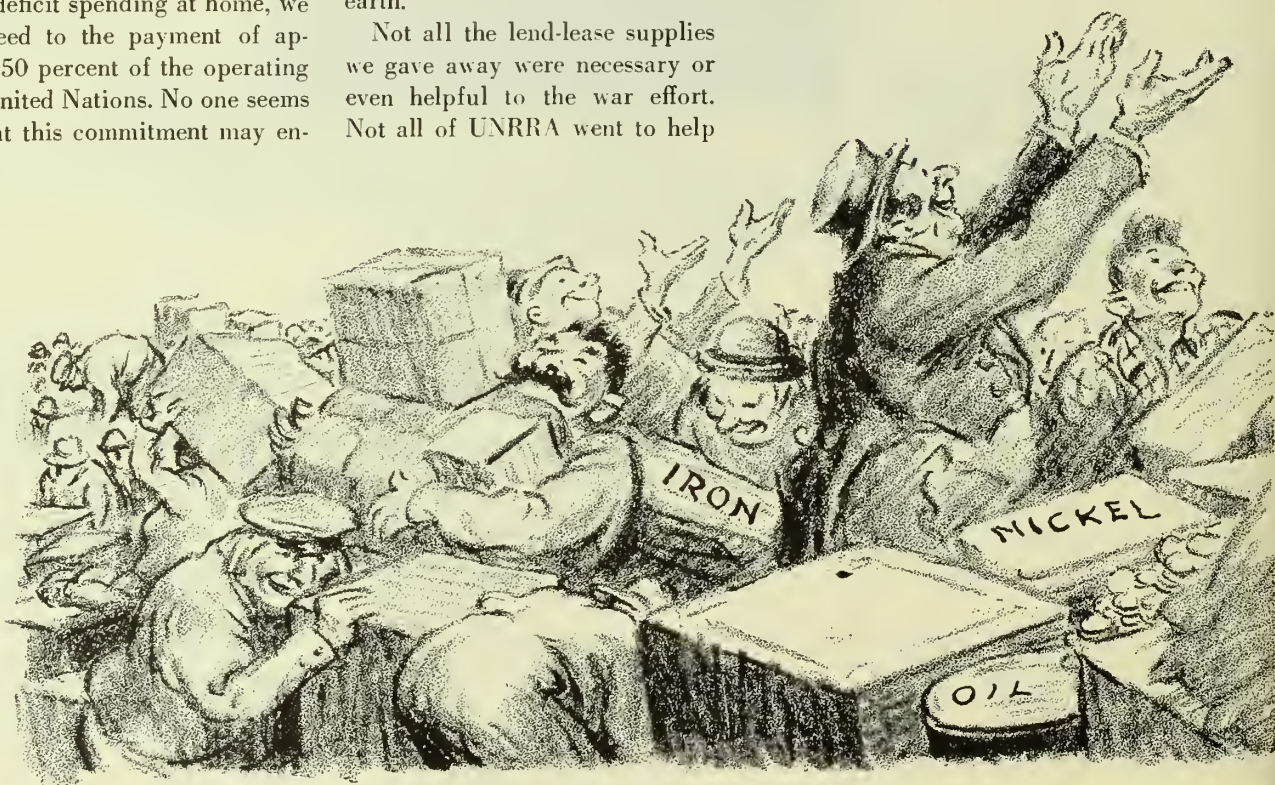
Illustration  
by John Cassel

Iran Declaration. American supplies were used to defeat American principles. Nevertheless, we charged the cost of everything we gave away to the American taxpayer.

The system known as reverse lend-lease proved to be largely a face-saving device for the receiving nations—a fake as well as a phantom. The explanations of reverse lend-lease by Americans in high positions as a system that equalized our give-away policy may have misled some of the American people.

In addition to this give-away policy abroad, we have been deficit spending at home for sixteen years. Our Government has spent all of the enormous taxes collected from the people. It has increased the national debt from sixteen billion dollars to nearly 300 billion dollars. This staggering debt is a mortgage on the future of our children.

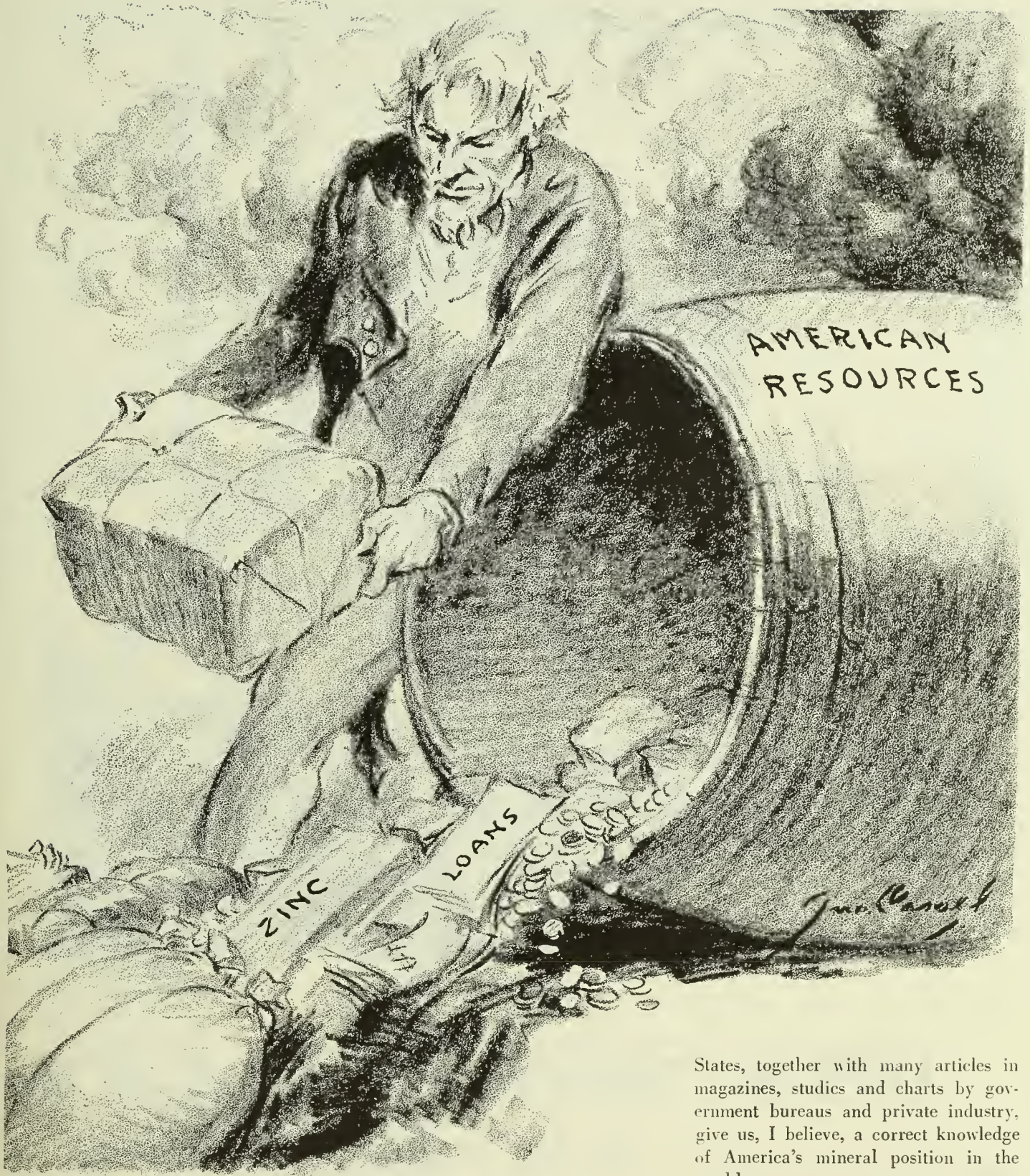
We are now in the process of chang-



tail in the future. Britain has agreed to the payment of 10 percent, while Russia's share is set at approximately 6 percent. We have carried upwards of 70 percent of the cost of UNRRA. We are contributing and underwriting not only

needy people. In many instances, our supplies were used to prop up decadent economic systems. More supplies were used by the recipient nations to defeat the principles agreed to in the Atlantic Charter and reaffirmed by the

ing the American fiscal and mineral policies. The people are not assured, by any means, that the changes will be clear-cut or even workable. Indications are that we are moving in the right direction to make operative again the

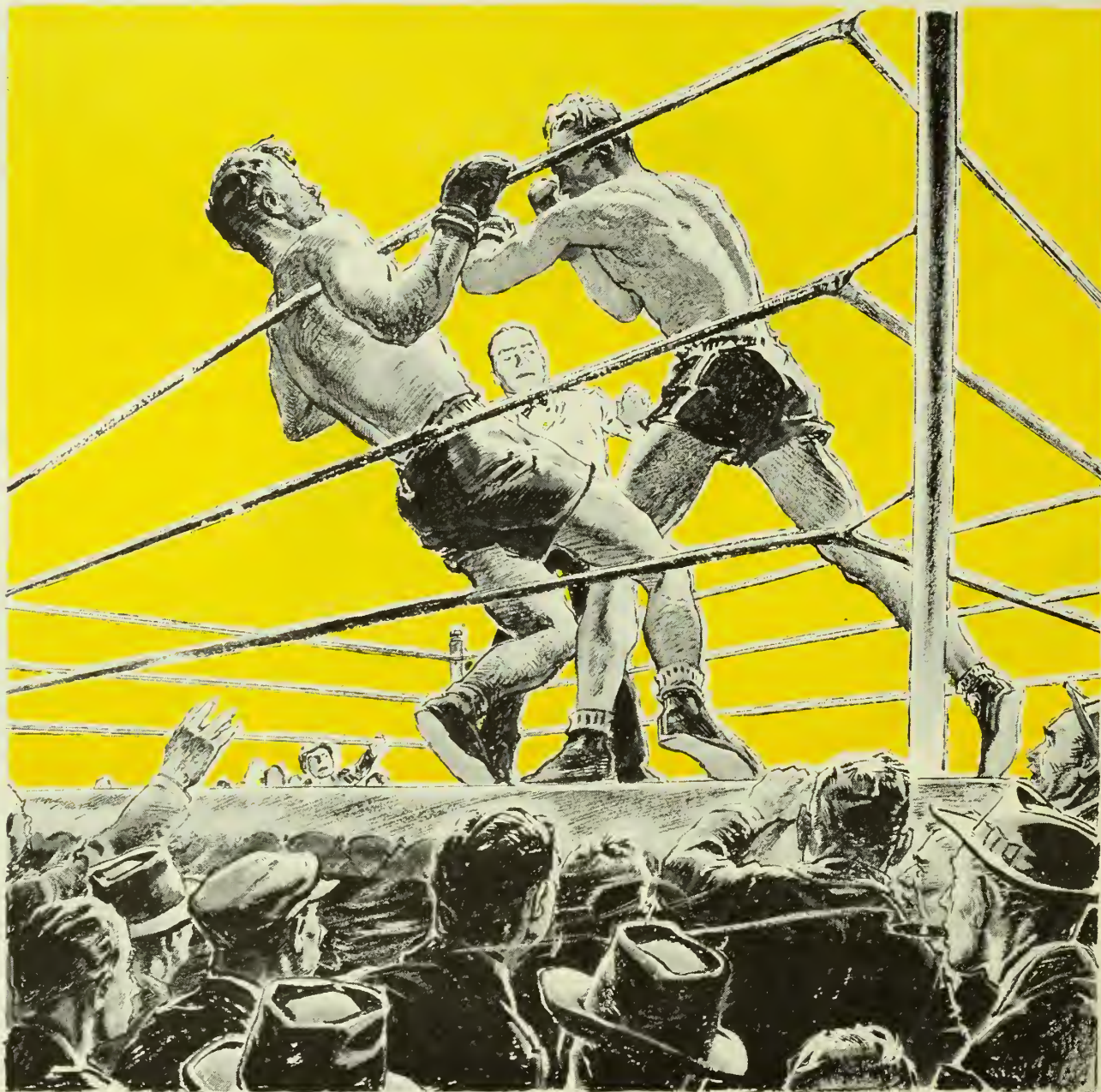


principles that have made America the freest and greatest economic unit on earth. But the process of changing present policies to constructive ones will be painful and slow. We still have to pay our debts.

The protracted hearings before the O'Mahoney Special Committee of the United States Senate, the reports by the Bureau of Mines, a symposium, "Our Vanishing Resources," issued by the Chamber of Commerce of the United

States, together with many articles in magazines, studies and charts by government bureaus and private industry, give us, I believe, a correct knowledge of America's mineral position in the world.

We have, in recent years, due in some measure to our fiscal and foreign policies and to the fact that we supplied minerals for ourselves and our allies in the war effort, depleted many of our mineral resources. I would not attempt in this short (*Continued on page 33*)



# THEM SWINGIN' DOORS

BY RAY THORP

**H**APPY FALLON had sensed a double cross the moment he'd stepped into the room and seen Artie Weber and a couple of his tough guys. The dapper fight manager's face belied his nickname as he listened out what the gambler had to say.

Happy tried to catch the eye of his fighter, Shifty Larsen, but the light

**Good fighters come a dime a dozen, but the little manager needed more than just a good fighter to even the score with Shifty Larsen**

heavyweight avoided his gaze. Fallon was remembering as he studied the face of the young fighter. Remembering that Larsen had nothing but a fast pair of feet when he picked him up. Happy had taught him to use a straight right cross that was a killer, then he had nursed him along and built up his rep until the boy was in line for a fight in

the Garden. And now Larsen was walking out on him.

Fallon wondered what Artie Weber offered that had tempted Shifty. Probably some fluff from the chorus line in his boob-trap night club. And Happy couldn't hold the boy. In thirty years of managing fighters Happy had never drawn up a paper. Without a contract Shifty was free to do as he chose.

"Is this the way you want it, Kid?" Fallon's voice cracked the silence seconds after Weber had laid out the deal.

Larsen nodded without looking up.

Happy tapped his derby securely at a cocky angle and strode out of the room.

Outside, Fallon had only the desire to get to his hotel room where he could think. Angrily, he flipped up the collar of his Chesterfield and leaned his slight frame into the icy evening wind.

As Happy walked, he thought. By morning all Broadway would say that Artie Weber had muscled him out. What they wouldn't know was that he had

sunk his case dough in Larsen's prospects. Shifty's walk-out had left him as devoid of scratch as a chicken on a paved highway. He could pick up a dozen fighters with just a nod of his head. But none of them had class and for thirty years the boys Fallon had handled had always made the top brackets. He grew sick at the thought that he might now be too old to make the grade again.

Happy darted through the flow of people to the hotel entrance, but at the revolving door he stopped sharply. He suddenly remembered that this was the door with the new rubber pads. Fallon hated that door. It took every bit of strength he had to make it go around. By the time he had fought his way into the lobby he usually found his derby and dignity akilter, his patience and strength exhausted.

The fight manager turned to use the side entrance but found himself blocked by a hulk in a brass-buttoned overcoat.

"Going in, Mr. Fallon?" a pleasant voice boomed from somewhere above.

Happy recognized the new hotel doorman and, resigning himself to another humiliating encounter with the door, stepped into the opening and raised both hands to give a mighty shove. To his surprise the door spun around and he was propelled into the lobby.

Fallon looked back at the figure of the big, blonde doorman outside. His eyes took a shrewd appraisal that went well beneath the brass-buttoned coat. "Bout 22, 175 pounds, good chin, big hands," Happy thought as he stood there watching the doorman push the revolving door for other guests entering the lobby. He would raise his left hand shoulder-high, grasp one flange of the door, and give his hand not

more than an eight-inch shove. To Happy Fallon, who needed all of his strength to turn the door, it looked as simple as an old woman turning the pages of a book.

"Godamighty," he muttered, "what a left hook that'd make." Already his agile mind was at work on a plan. But this was no flash of genius. Happy had looked every young man over that way for 30 years. Only, this time he was especially pleased with what he saw.

Ten o'clock the following morning found Happy Fallon standing just inside the entrance of Mickey Cluney's saloon on 8th Avenue. He summoned the proprietor with a jerky command of his derbied head.

Mickey Cluney advanced to greet him with a boxer's walk. "Happy!" The saloon-keeper punctuated the remark with an easy left jab to the arm, "what got you up before breakfast?"

"Dough. Gotta make a touch. Mickey," said the fight manager, getting right down to cases.

The ex-pug shook his head as he indicated two bar stools.

"Happy—when are you gonna save some dough? You ain't gettin' younger. You use to preach to me." Mickey motioned around the saloon. "If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have the Cafe. I mean—I thought you was doin' good with Shifty?"

"Larsen and me are washed up," Fallon told him. "The punk's signed with Artie Weber."

Cluney's face clouded. He laid a hand on the manager's arm. "After all you did for 'im? Didn't you have a contract?"

Fallon half-turned his head toward the man he had almost made lightweight champion of the world. "Did we have papers, Mickey?" he asked.

Cluney remained silent and gazed at the polished surface of the bar. Without Fallon he would have been just another tough kid from Hell's Kitchen instead of a headliner who had had three shots at the lightweight crown. Gratitude welled up inside him but before he could speak Happy indicated a change of subject with a wave of his hand.

"Do you think Shifty Larsen can take the Champ?" the fight manager asked.

Mickey's face was thoughtful. "Maybe—later. (Continued on page 27)

#### Illustrations

by Herbert M. Stoops



To his surprise the door spun around and he was propelled into the lobby



Eighty-nine WW2 veterans from all parts of the country learn what makes the Legion tick at the second term of the American Legion College at National Headquarters in Indianapolis

**BY ROBERT  
B. PITKIN**

**Most WW2 Legionnaires are surprised to learn how tremendously important the local Post is in determining the course of the organization**

# THE YOUNG VETERAN LOOKS AT THE LEGION

ting ever since Pearl Harbor about what the Legion planned to do in the way of working World War II veterans into

responsible offices and policy-making positions in the Legion. Fortunately, responsible Legion officials have been

**O**NE night early in last December a group of younger Legionnaires were attending a banquet in the Antlers Hotel in Indianapolis, across North Meridian Street from the National Headquarters of the American Legion. Paul H. Griffith, National Commander, an older Legionnaire, addressed the group and in the course of his remarks said:

"There is no Young Legion or Old Legion. This is one outfit, The American Legion, dedicated to service to the veterans of the last two wars and to the concepts for which we fought and many of our comrades died.

"I want to hear an end of this talk of two separate camps within The American Legion."

The entire audience of eighty-nine younger Legionnaires rose as one man and cheered that statement.

A lot of people, many of whom are in no way concerned, have been fret-



Second term class officers with Legion College President. Left to right: Jack T. Paskiewicz (Maryland), President; Vayne M. Armstrong (Indiana), College President; Stanley Cartmell (California), Secretary; Thomas B. Lewis (Delaware), Vice President; Robert G. Clark (Wyoming), Vice President; and Thomas W. Riley (Washington), Vice President

giving the matter more realistic consideration than any other group. The change of leadership is recognized as a mathematical certainty, and young and old alike within the Legion have been giving a good deal of thought to the planning and preparation needed to make the transition without slipping backward 25 years.

The audience which cheered Paul Griffith's remark was the student body of the second session of the American Legion College, the object of which is to train young Legionnaires for leadership in the Legion by letting them see the Legion as the national executives

had been selected locally on the basis of the energy and interest we had devoted to Legion service during our short membership.

Some of us were like Bob Clark, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, one of the three vice-presidents of our class. Clark, a member of the Wyoming bar, had been a Seaman First Class in the Navy, and had joined Cheyenne's Francis E. Self Post only the previous April. He held no Legion office or committee membership in Cheyenne, and explained his presence at the College this way: "I told them they better put me to work, so they sent me. I'm not sorry I asked for it."

secretary—were, by unanimous vote of the class, drawn from a hat. They were a thoroughly representative group and not necessarily the smartest politicians in the class.

We sat at a long table in the Antlers Hotel and held a general bull-session over our coffee cups—five representative younger Legionnaires, two from the West Coast, two from the East Coast and one from Wyoming, voicing their opinions about themselves and the Legion. Two of them were former officers, three had been enlisted men. Your reporter threw in a word now and then, and Jack Paskiewicz, class president, acted as moderator on occasion. The luck of the draw couldn't have done better than to have chosen Paskiewicz as president of the class. He is a quiet, square-faced young man who served two years in the Royal Canadian Air Force, and then, when the U. S. got in the war, he switched over to become a flying Lieutenant, USNR. He joined Baltimore's Hamilton Post of the American Legion in March, 1946, and by December he was, at 25, Assistant Adjutant of the Department of Maryland.

Tom Lewis added to Bob Clark's statement, "I was pressured into the Legion by a pal, and joined to shut him up," said Tom, a thin, white-skinned, red-headed, 23-year-old District Commander from Wilmington, Delaware, who had been a PFC in the 11th Airborne Division. "When I got in I took a look around and saw there was plenty to do. I was like Bob Clark. When nobody offered me a job I decided I'd spark things up or get sparked out. As soon as the Post saw I was willing to work, oh brother, they let me work." In ten months he was District Commander.

"That's a good part of the story," said Cartmell. "There's a million dollars' worth of leadership in the younger generation of Legionnaires, but it's up to the youngsters as well as the older membership to make sure that that leadership blossoms." Cartmell, a husky, explosive 38-year-old former Navy Commander from Agua Caliente, California, spoke from experience. Just a year previously he had joined the Jack London Post, and during that year he had held two offices in his Post, a vice-commandership in his District, a committee chairmanship (*Continued on page 48*)



**Jack T. Paskiewicz, class president, confers with National Commander Paul H. Griffith**

see it. They saw and learned plenty.

I was one of that group of "youngsters" (ages 18 to 53) who were all new in the Legion since Pearl Harbor. Most of us had not been members for more than a year, but here we were at Indianapolis receiving an intensive course in the structure of the Legion for the express purpose of better qualifying us for the Legion leadership our generation would inevitably inherit.

We were no hand-picked group, but simply the second of a planned series of such groups, limited in number only by the facilities of the building at 777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis. We

That was Clark's gruff way of saying what many others told me; that the way to get ahead in the Legion is to show a willingness to work.

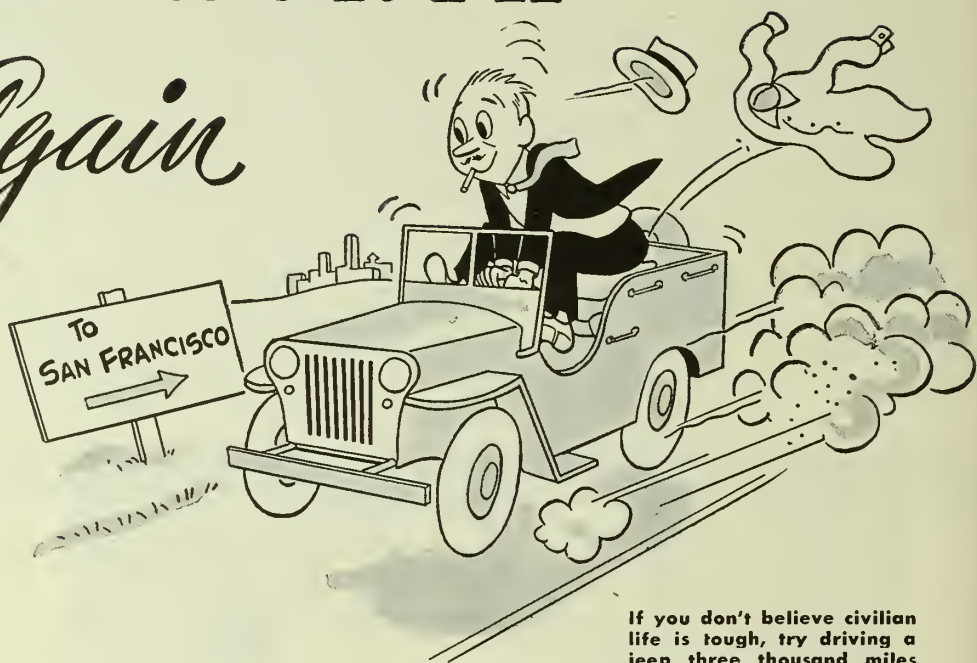
The occasion for Clark's remark was a series of talks I held with the five class officers in an effort to get the other side of the picture from that offered by the College, to see the Legion as some of the younger Legionnaires see it. Since I am going to quote these class officers at some length it may be of interest to note here that the names of all five—Jack Paskiewicz, president; Tom Riley, Tom Lewis and Bob Clark, vice-presidents, and Stanley Cartmell,

# BUCK BOSWORTH

## Rides Again

BY ALLAN  
R. BOSWORTH

Little did our hero reck  
what he was going to stir  
up when he mounted faithful  
Nellie for an overland dash



If you don't believe civilian  
life is tough, try driving a  
jeep three thousand miles

A LOT of military jeeps have been beaten, along with the swords, into ploughshares. Many a veteran who fought the long and arduous battle with the War Assets Administration swears by and at his buzz-buggy for fishing trips. But I have just put my jeep to a really severe test in the rigors of civilian life; I drove it, singlehanded, from San Francisco to New York. From where I sit, which is on a pile of air cushions, it looks to me as if the jeep is here to stay.

Jeeps are making great inroads on our national life—all rough. We had better embrace the political maxim which says "if you can't whip them, join them." It is high time to submit some recommendations to jeep designers, all of whom are men less than five feet tall and come equipped at birth with their own upholstered seats.

My jeep is named Nellie, after an old mare who used to buck, too. Strands of red tape and a faint smell of Govern-

ment Printing Office ink still cling to her. She had a brief Army career, and doesn't care for the military life; she still snorts at the sight of a major, and once in Winnemucca, Nevada, she chased a chicken colonel up an alley, blowing her horn furiously. On the other hand, she invariably swerves to the side of the road and puts on her brakes if a GI raises his thumb.

I drove Nellie three thousand miles because I wanted to see the country, and I can tell you that what a lot of people have suspected all along is true. The United States is out of focus—it is a blur of green and brown, whether you look at it through the windshield or the rear view mirror. What is more, there are too many crossroads, and it is small wonder that candidates for political office are always finding the nation standing at them.

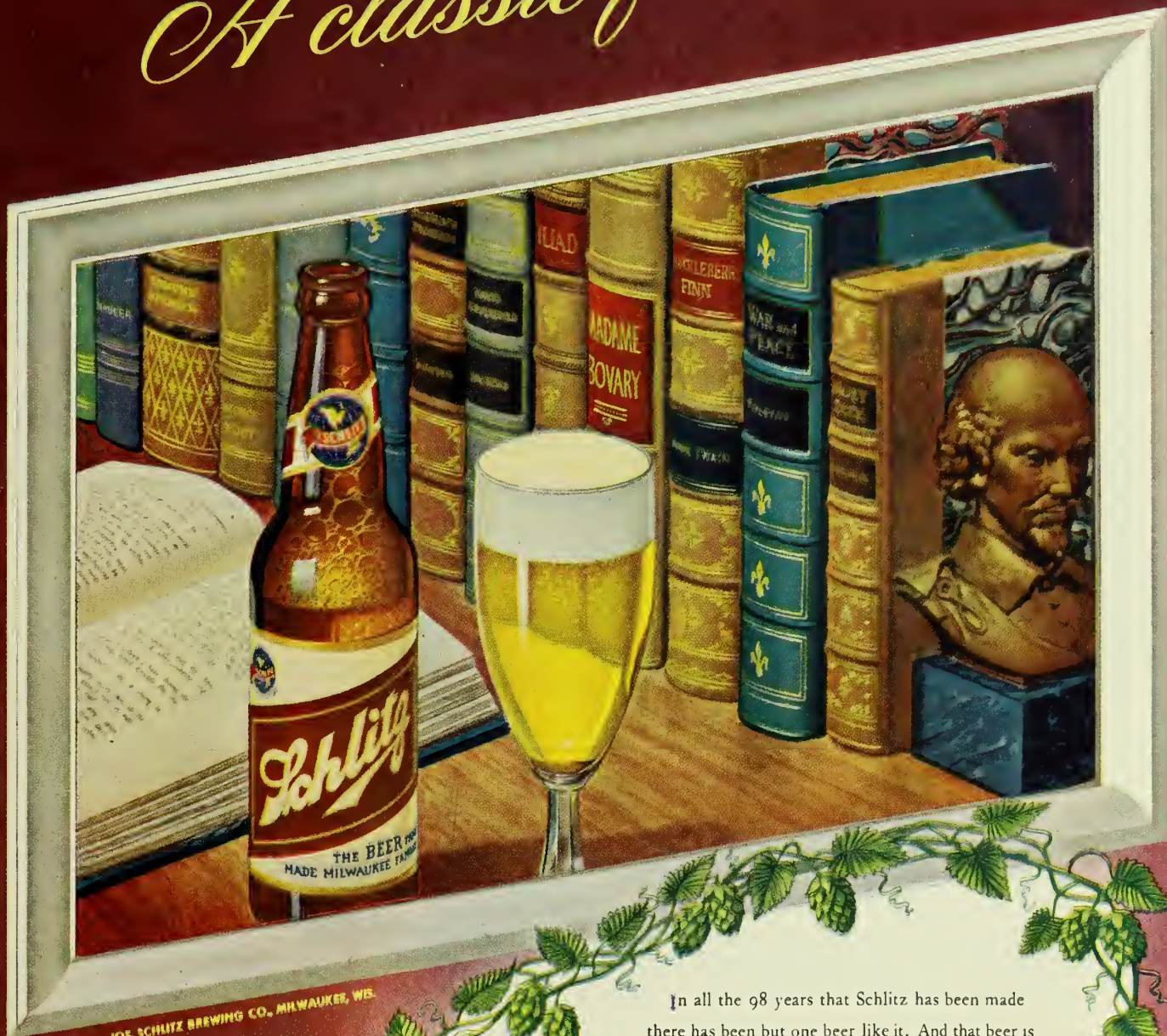
I studied all available literature on the jeep before Nellie and I started on this trip. This consisted of War Department Technical Manual TM 9-803, which is a 242-page monograph promulgated by Major General Ulio, and two volumes called, "Watch Me," Said the Jeep," and "The Little Jeep." The latter two books were written for children, but then so was TM 9-803, and they contain valuable information to be found nowhere (Continued on page 50)



Nellie expressed her feeling toward  
the military life by chasing a chicken  
colonel up an alley

CARTOONS BY HENRY BOLTINOFF

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# Woman of many CAREERS

BY JACK R. C. CANN

*SUCCESS COMES NATURALLY TO  
MRS. NORTON H. PEARL, NATIONAL  
PRESIDENT OF THE AUXILIARY*

**T**HE Brewsters, who came over on the Mayflower, back before the republic was even thought about, would be—and probably are—well pleased with the accomplishments of their kinswoman and descendant who is the present National President of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Mrs. Norton H. Pearl, of Detroit, Michigan, elected at the San Francisco convention to head the great organization of nearly a million patriotic American women, doesn't have to point to her ancestors as proof of her position; she has done very well on her own account.

Mrs. Pearl, who is better known to thousands in her own State of Michigan as Dorothy—is a remarkable woman in a number of ways.

Every woman who has won sufficient regard and respect to be elected to the office she holds must be a remarkable woman. But Dorothy Waite Pearl has several special and somewhat unusual qualifications by which she merits the description.

A book could be written about Mrs. Pearl's accomplishments as an Auxiliary: her record of service as secretary and president of the Red Arrow (32nd Division) Unit No. 361 of Detroit; her



career in the District organization; the services she rendered to and the offices she filled in the Department; her career in the national organization which culminated in her election as National



**The National President today,  
and left, at the age of four**

President. But such a book would not tell the whole story of a woman whose activities in several other fields of endeavor have been marked with unusual success.

A story could be devoted to her career as an educator in the school systems of Kalamazoo and Detroit.

Another story could be built around her experiences as a volunteer Red Cross entertainer in World War I, for her singing voice and dramatic ability would seem to have pointed toward a career on the stage—had she not decided in 1919 to marry the very handsome Capt. Norton H. Pearl, recently returned with the fighting (*Continued on page 46*)

# Trolling MORESBY REEF

BY CHARLES RAWLINGS

Illustration by Warren Baumgartner

**The Colonel ordered fishing  
to fill the empty hours  
between jousts with Death**

"WAR," William James once wrote, "is man's greatest adventure." Home from it many of us are discovering the truth of that philosophy. We've lived the ultimate in many emotions and will never experience them as keenly ever again. I've found for instance that I've lived my greatest fishing. From now on even if I get a gaff into a tuna better than the Ipswich Bay 927-pound champion or surf cast more than the 660 feet 3 inch record, I'll still be thinking of that sad, sweet, uproarious fishing we had early in MacArthur's war, on Moresby Reef, New Guinea.

I was hooked up with a heavy bomber group—B-24s were the heavies then—and living with the Colonel in command. He was a fine leader. His men needed an easing from strain and he was working on it. But it was a hard time to find ease.

It was the time of night strikes on Rabaul and daylight attacks against Wewak and of constant reconnaissance over the vast areas of the Bismarck Sea and the Pacific. At that time, there was not a plane to spare nor an extra crew.

There was no possible relief. Take off, fly the Owen Stanley Mountains with their wicked turbulent weather, fight in, over, and out of the target and half way home, sleep, take off again—that was all there was.

"God," the Colonel said, "baseball's a hot bath. The movies are lousy. If I could only find something that would cool them off, get them out of themselves. Anything! A crew at a time—!"

We were looking out over the blue waters of Moresby Bay.

"I've got it," the Colonel said. "Fishin'! Get me Stacklein."

Stacklein came running, naked save for his white shorts; a plump, rosy, jolly promotion and recreation lieutenant.

"Stack," said the Colonel, "forget that sack and get to Brisbane. Find me some fishin' tackle. Take my plane and get me tackle—some star-drag reels, some good

cuttyhunk line and some game rods. By God, we'll go fishin'. It's cool out there—."

"Yes, sir," said Stacklein.

"Go to the Aussies and tell them I want something that will kill fish," roared the Colonel. "Don't come back until you get it. Come back day after tomorrow."

"Yes, sir," said Stacklein.





He flew the 700-mile water jump across the Coral Sea, and then on into South Australia. In the meantime the Colonel threw the whole camp into an enjoyable uproar getting a boat ready. We had two commandeered Australian yachts from crash boats. They were both chunky cabin cruisers out of the Royal Sydney Yacht Club fleet, built English fashion, to last forever. They were as

solid and heavy and dashing as two brick outhouses. The Colonel chose the larger, a thirty-six footer. *Aggie* was her name.

Bait boxes! Fish boxes! Rod racks! Swivel chairs! The Colonel rode herd on ground crews and repair depots. When the dutiful Stackleyn returned there was waiting as fishy a craft as ever put out Southport or Baileys. All she

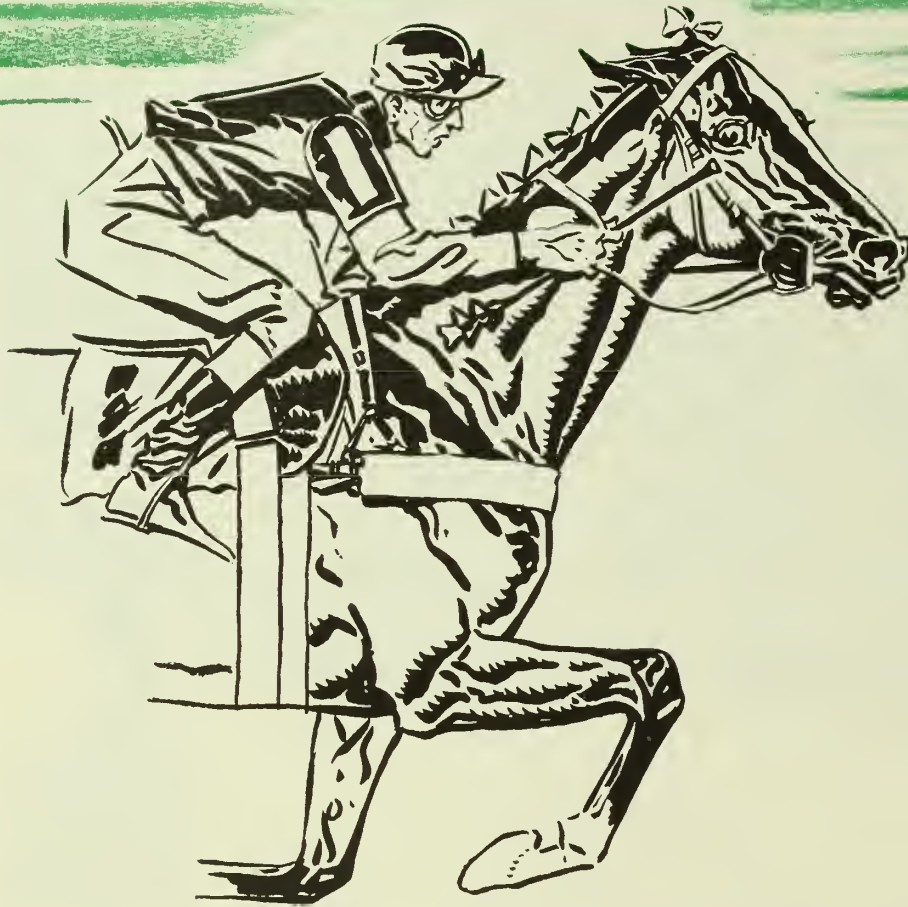
needed was Stack's gear.

I shall never forget that gear. Or the night Stackleyn, followed by two GI's carrying bundles, brought it up to quarters.

"Now, Colonel," he said, "this had better be right. This is all there is this side of 'Frisco.'"

The Colonel opened the bundles himself. First the (Continued on page 42)

# HORSES MAKE



**"A good jockey knows what the horse thinks. I showed this mare the whip and she shook her head. She wasn't going to like it"**

**I**t's the Fifth Race at Jamaica, New York's biff-bang track where the spring meeting is in full stride. The head starter stands poker-faced on his platform, target for a cross-fire of tense warnings from the jockeys: "Not now, not now," one boy pleads. "Hold it, sir", "Wait, boss", "Hold it, boss", sound the cries. The voice of an assistant starter rises angrily above the din: "Go on, she's standing perfect!" Suddenly the electrically operated gate flies open to the loud clanging of a gong and the screams of the jockeys booting their mounts into action.

They're off! Rumps pound furiously around the clubhouse turn. Greentree Stud's entry is the favorite. The crowd is one large groan as the heavily-backed filly trails way off the pace. On the back stretch, Greentree's domino goes to the

outside, circles the ground-saving pack.

"Come on, Ted!" the crowd begs with a single voice.

Atkinson is up, the Greentree contract ace. He urges his mount with whip and heel as the contenders settle for the run to the wire. For a moment the favorite hangs at the leader's flank, then smashes to the fore under heavy punishment to win going away.

Atkinson rides his mount into the hedge-bordered circle, says "Cheese" to the popping flash-bulbs so his teeth will show as a smile in the newspaper pictures. An enthusiastic punter reaches over the rail and slaps him on the back. "Great ride, Teddy."

The jock looks over his shoulder, says tersely, "You could've won on her!"

There it is in a nutshell. I corralled Ted after the race and tried to make him own up that he was good, but I ran into a stone-wall of self-deprecation. Great horses make great riders, he said. Jockeys don't bother to talk themselves up. The cheers of the crowd won't get a boy one more mount or put an extra buck on his pay check. A personal following doesn't mean a thing. The players root for you today, curse you tomorrow. Sharp-eyed owners and trainers judge the little men with the big shoulders strictly on winners. But the better the boy is, the more certainly he knows it's the horse, not the rider, that earns the bread and butter.

One good horse can make a jockey overnight or bring back a veteran from obscurity. Challedon made Georgie Seabo in the Preakness. Seabiscuit made Red Pollard. Man O'War made Clarence Kummer. Grey Lag made La Verne Fator. Blue Larkspur made Mack Garner. Broker's Tip made Don Meade. Twenty Grand made Charlie Kurtsinger and War Admiral brought him back.

Taking Atkinson at his word I asked him if one jock can do more for an out-classed horse than another? Do some have more skill in holding a tired horse together? Bushwah! he said. When a horse rounds that last turn into the stretch, the ride's already been made. From there on it's up to the mount. Sure the crowd will holler for the jockey. "Come on Arcaro!" "Come on, Jessop!" "Come on, Ted." But it's the horse that's running.

Atkinson rode the most winners in 1944 and 1946. He says, "There isn't one length's difference between the best jockey in the business and the greenest

**Illustrations  
by Paul Brown**

# JOCKEYS, HE SAYS

BY HERBERT ALEXANDER

**Ted Atkinson claims his mounts made him top winner in 1946. But maybe there's more to it**

apprentice!" Yes, Ted Atkinson says that.

In a stake race, he adds, all the riders will be tops. Then the edge slims down from a full length to a whisker. But they pay off on that difference.

That was the closest I could come to wringing an admission from Ted Atkinson that one jockey might know and do *some* thing to help his horse win that another jockey would miss. Pretending for the sake of argument that Atkinson, Arcaro and Jessop are only better than apprentices by a micron I asked him what gives one boy that small but important advantage. What does a top jockey need besides the ability to wear a boy-sized suit? Guts? Strength? Alertness?

"All taken for granted! You don't

race horses if your name's Milquetoast."

But I did get him to admit that if the jockey has made the grade, chances are he's master of two experience-built factors. One is familiarity with the riding styles, the strong points and weaknesses of his rival jockeys. The second is knowledge of the past performances and personalities of all the horses running. As an example he told how he'd been beaten.

"I've been nosed out in the Ardsley Stakes four years running," he said, offering evidence of the importance of being able to anticipate the other jockey's moves. "At least once I should have won it. Wayne Wright was out in front on Sir Francis, and I forgot that Wayne is left-handed. I got my mount, Wildlife, loose from the pack and came up on Sir Francis on the outside. I should have gone in. When Wright went to the whip he gave it to his horse on the inside and that left-handed spanking carried Sir Francis away from the rail, forcing Wildlife to drift with him. I was out-ridden by a head and by nobody but myself."

A certain well-known rider is unable to use his bat when another jockey is driving right with him. He must have more room. Conn McCreary interrupted to tell a race this knowledge helped him win. McCreary had no information on the other jock's horse, who surprised by staying right up there. McCreary wasn't sure, but he felt the contending horse would only give his best when it was beaten out of him.

In the stretch, he matched stride for stride with the other jock, giving plenty of racing room but none for the rider to use the bat. The boy tried, to but he dropped it! McCreary says with a grin, "It doesn't work every time. Sometimes you're doing the horse a favor if you don't let the boy use that whip."



**Don't hold the "eager beaver" back or he'll wear himself out fighting you**



**The "dope" is a horse who'll run like mad (if you pretend to hold him back)**

There are jockeys who just have to make a move on a horse. When two contenders are racing neck and neck, each boy will wait for the other to commit himself. The one who moves first will often be beaten because he uses his mount more than strategy calls for. Right here is where horses come into the picture, and in a highly individual fashion. Some of them like the rider to make that mistake! The horse gets so he can't stand the suspense. The jock may have the coolest head in the world, be able to size up his human competition from A to Z, but he had to have that second edge-making factor. He must know horses. It sounds crazy, but the boys are dead (*Continued on page 38*)



# NOW, LET'S BUILD THEM

To those American Legion members who have not followed the somewhat involved details of our national housing problem I want to give a very brief summary of what we have accomplished and what remains to be done. The able and hard-working members of the committee appointed by our San Francisco convention in October have seen a great deal of what they recommended become a fact. Their second report, made at the end of January, reduces a highly complicated subject to two basic needs. They have proposed one act of Congress for centralizing the remaining federal authority over home construction, and have published one summary of practical plans for co-operative encouragement of building in each community.

I suggest that our membership vigorously support our National Legislative Committee in seeking passage of the simplified, centralized, concrete proposal of a single housing statute, until that act is passed. I suggest that in each American Legion Post the proposal for local co-operation with government authority and private building enterprise be studied and that Legion Post leadership be made effective in furthering that co-operation.

When five years of war had diverted the money, the men and the materials normally engaged in private building to war projects, it was naturally difficult to immediately reopen the free, competitive channels of the construction business. Government-fixed prices through O.P.A. froze rents, and allotted material on the basis of certain established priorities. The Government owned large supplies of materials. Government subsidies controlled to some degree the production of building materials. With an immediate need for at least five million new homes and apartments, we naturally turned to the Government for action. A Federal Housing Expediter was appointed, presumably to bring all of the federal agencies involved under one effective direction. The expediter and other government officials

issued hopeful statements, predictions which time demonstrated were not fulfilled. In late 1945 these were estimates of building to be done in 1946. By mid-1946 they dealt with anticipated accomplishments for 1947. Meanwhile private enterprise was not moving. Builders were told they would be helped to build housing units with certain cost limits, but material and labor could not be had within those limits.

The American Legion had concluded by October that the housing jam was not being broken, and named its own committee to find out how it could be broken. The report of that committee, accepted by the National Executive Committee, was taken by me to President Truman. I spent some time with Mr. Creedon, who succeeded Wilson W. Wyatt as Expediter, and with Mr. Foley of FPHA and others. A good deal of the federal log jam was broken. What remains to be done is outlined in our committee's end-of-January report.

Today we are in the way of having houses and apartments built by private enterprise. The costs are going to be higher than we like, higher than the Government talked about, but we got almost no housing at the lower costs. Rents are going up to some extent before we get the rental housing that is needed. There will remain arguments, economic and political, about what might have been done some other way. The fact is that for more than a year it was not done, and methods that would produce housing, instead of hopes, were necessary.

With the simple, workable, centralized federal authority now proposed by the Legion, building enterprise in each community has a chance to decide what construction is needed and to go about the job. There will be enough money, men and material available this year to make real progress. The Legion has wasted little time in criticism of the past. It can be a potent force for action from now on.

## MONEY TO BURN

BY

Mel Cassen

MY PLATOON sergeant and one of our men were heading for Paris on pass. It was their turn, according to the roster, and with blunt cheerfulness they said so long to the rest of us who were freezing on Germany's wind-swept plains. The sergeant asked me whether he could take several fistfuls of German currency we had just "liberated" as we had knifed through Munstereifel.

I told him to take as much as he wanted since we had stacks and stacks of handsomely printed, vari-colored and vari-shaped Reichs-banknote marks. They looked beautiful with their blue printing on yellow paper and their green and red hues—but to us they might as well have been cigar coupons because only currency up to a certain issue date would be exchanged for francs by understandably finicky Finance officers. And that kind of money didn't usually float around, waiting for U. S. riflemen to pick it up.

Wisely the sergeant did not clutter up his pockets with many marks. He had more valuable beads for bartering to take along.

While the lucky two toasted themselves, figuratively and literally, in the spirited city, icy February winds penetrated to our bones. We huddled over fires that we had lit carefully and tended vigilantly, for we had little dry paper and wood. Those crackling fires were worth a fortune to us.

When the two GIs returned from Paris, they rushed up, wild with excitement. The money was good! We had thousands of dollars worth of marks!

We had had it, that is. Like burning sacrifices on the altar to Old Man Winter, we had started many warming February fires with those "worthless" scraps of pretty paper.



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Army progress continues along a wide front, and on Army Day it will be on full display. New weapons, new material, advanced techniques—a demonstration that a strong America is a safe America—will be there to see and evaluate.

You can help to make it a fine Army and a fine Army Day celebration by advising young men in your community to visit the nearest Camp, Post, or Station April 7th-12th.

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# Sports Varieties

## Fishing for Fun and \$\$\$

AFTER the Army had sprung me on Armistice Day, '45, I spent a little while at home making like a civilian, then headed for Ketchikan, Alaska, bought a boat and went hand-trolling for the season. It's something I recommend for anyone who likes the outdoors — and doesn't mind making a little money on his vacation. Even so I was green at it and didn't do as well as some others.

I went up to Clover Passage on June 12, 1946 with \$45 in my pocket. My weekly expenses for gas, grub, tackle and miscellaneous was about \$15. I returned to Ketchikan October 10 with \$149.65. I missed the main king run and the coho run was the poorest in twenty-five years — but an acquaintance of mine — likewise a vet — went to Noyes Island in a fifteen footer and made himself two thousand doubloons. and I'm still kicking myself.

The usual hand-trolling rig consists of a boat from 14 to 21 feet long with an air-cooled motor, a hand reel or gurdy, cedar pile, leaders, leads, spoons, etc.

When the big spawn kings run, from the middle of April to the first part of June, you prow along close to the shores and reefs of these inside waters for them. And brother, when a fifty-odd pound king salmon latches on you think of more than the money. Then come the bluebacks and the cohoes during late summer and early fall, the bread and butter fish of the trollers.

It's fine sport, good comradeship, and you might want to stay up here and get a bigger boat. It's an excellent life. You're independent.  
—By Edward A. Lawrence



## Masquerade

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago there appeared a woman baseball pitcher who became the talk of the country. Hurling for a Kansas City woman's team, she was well-nigh invincible. Other women's teams didn't have a chance when she was on the mound, and occasionally, when a men's team faced her, it didn't come out much better.

But one day this pitcher's wig fell off and it was discovered that that woman wasn't a woman at all, she was a man. Red-faced, he explained that he wanted to get on a man's team but nobody seemed to want to give him a chance.

The big leagues were glad to give this famous "woman" a chance, and he became one of the truly great pitchers of all time. His name? Smokey Joe Wood. —By Harold Helfer

## Ah, Vanity!

THE day is past when persons much in the public eye feel obliged to adorn themselves with distinctive ornaments. Diamond Jim Brady, freighted down with jewels, was a fine example of this dead custom, but so were many of his fellow 19th Century public figures. Bob Fitzsimmons, the fighting Cornishman, was given to such display, and he showed no hesitation in accepting a unique and distinctive gift from an Indiana dentist. The dentist who won heavily the day Ruby Robert whipped Jim Corbett to win the world heavyweight title at Carson City, Nevada, could think of no finer gesture of his appreciation than to offer to install a set of diamond fillings in Fitzsimmons' teeth. In spite of all the misery involved in appropriating the gift, Fitzsimmons accepted immediately.

The rest of the story is told by Dr. William Goucher of Jamestown, N. Y., one of the oldest practicing dentists in the country today.

"The diamonds were a white elephant. They were absolutely no good for Fitzsimmons' teeth. They cut into his opposing teeth when his mouth was closed, and they opened cavities and started decay.

"Fitzsimmons began to have toothaches soon after the fillings were installed. When he was in Jamestown, around 1898, making personal appearances with a traveling show, he called on me to have something done about the pain his adornments were causing him.

"The fillings had to be worked loose and removed. It's been so long ago that I don't recall how we disposed of the diamonds." —By Walter Rudolph



## Easy Spare

BOWLING in a regular tenpin league game last January, Harold Smida of the Englewood, N. J., Post of The American Legion, made a most unusual shot. Smida knocked down the "impossible" 7-pin and 10-pin combination. His fast ball clipped the 10-pin just as the ball started to slip into the gutter, and the 10-pin flew to the back cushion, bounced to the far sideboard, ricocheted out and clipped the 7-pin.

Most interesting feature of the shot was that it was a wild ball. Smida was bowling for a strike. The other eight pins remained standing and none of them were so much as touched. With the two orneriest pins out of the way Smida took his second shot and rolled a perfect strike ball, to get his spare. —By Robert B. Pitkin



The American Legion Magazine

## THEM SWINGIN' DOORS

(Continued from page 13)

you know that. Larsen's gotta good right.

Fallon smiled like a man who has just won a point in an argument. "Now, Mickey," he followed up, "what's it take to beat a man with a good right?"

"A good left—if it's good," Cluney said.

Fallon flung his overcoat and derby on the bar. He crouched in a fighter's pose. "Look," he commanded, "watch me throw this right. Watch my right foot. See the way I raise my right heel just before I shoot it? See it?"

Mickey's eyes were shrewd.

Fallon relaxed. "I noticed Shifty Larsen doin' that a month ago. I told him about it but he couldn't break himself of the habit. Instead of gettin' better it got worse." Happy's voice took on a confidential tone. "Mickey," he asked, "what could a boy with a good left hook do to a telegraph like that?"

"It'd be murder," Cluney agreed.

Happy paused for a moment. He prodded Cluney's chest. "Mickey," he said with emphasis, "I need two grand and—you."

"Me?" Mickey gaped. "Whadda ya mean, me?"

"My new boy," the fight manager pursued, "is a light heavy—same as Larsen. He's green. But he's got the makin's of a left hook that'll be a killer."

Fallon's hand gripped into the arm of

the former fighter. "I need the man who threw the best left-handed dynamite ever seen in a ring to teach him. That's you." The fight manager poked Mickey in his overpadded midriff. "You could use a month in the gym, yourself," he added.

Cluney sucked his stomach up into his chest in embarrassment. "What if the kid ain't got it?" he asked.

"That—we gotta find out," said Fallon. "But if he's got it you're the only guy can put the zing in his left. Besides," he added, "it'll be good for the trade in your joint—to be handlin' the light-heavy champ."

A gleam came into the ex-lightweight's eyes and he looked at Fallon and grinned. He extended his right hand. "I give it a go, Happy," he said.

Happy set up training quarters in Summit and Cluney met the new boy there. "This is him," said Fallon at introduction. "His handle's Christian Kanelous."

Cluney turned on the blonde boy. "From now on that's out," he snapped. "You're an ex-Marine with a war record—Air Medal and all them battle stars. You're gonna be Corporal Kane. Get used to it."

"All right," he said, "but please say Purple Heart and three battle stars. That's right."

Mickey reserved the judgment of his first impression. He was secretly pleased with the lean-muscled Kane. The boy's



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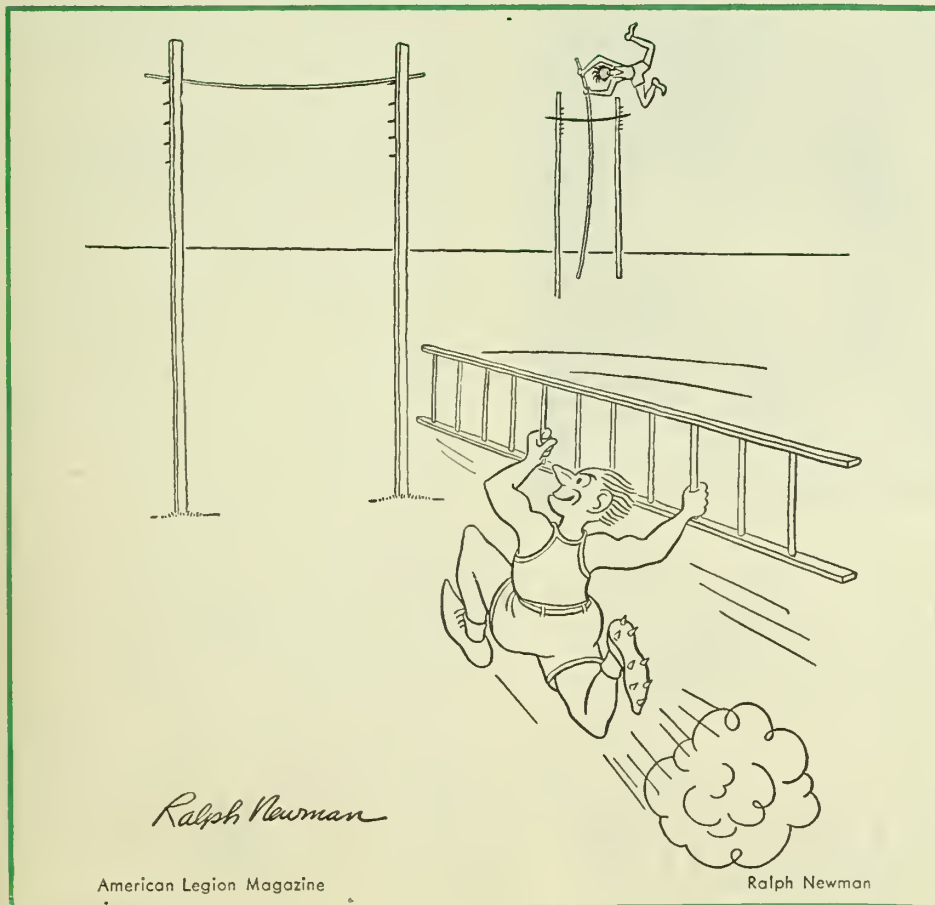
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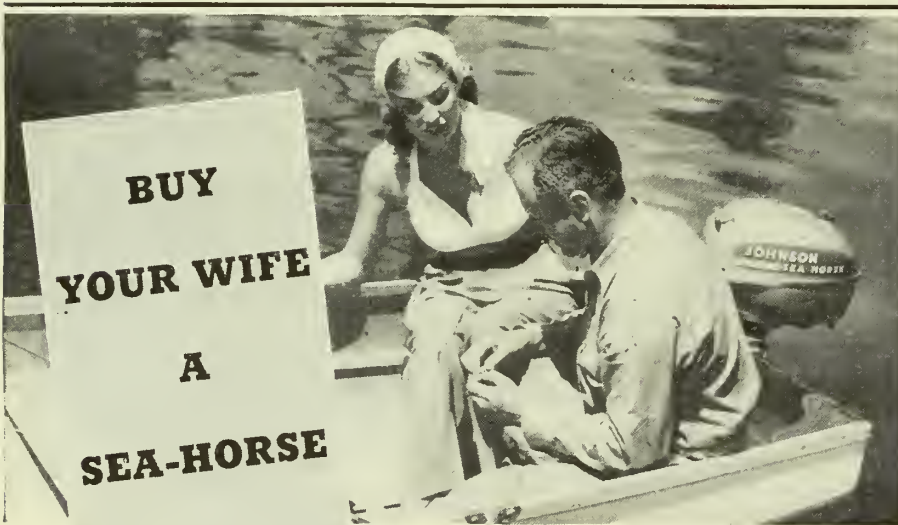
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back was well padded, the shoulders sloping, the chest deep and the waistline slim and knotted. The Kid had the underpinning, too. No matchsticks, his legs were solid and tapering. Best of all, Mickey liked the size of the Corporal's hands.

But a West-Side distrust of handsome men goaded Mickey into driving the good-looking Kane through days of heart-breaking training routine.

There were long, wearisome hours of the same thing, over and over again. Mickey showed Kane how to punch the light bag. The boy was proud when he got the hang of it and liked the tattoo of the rhythms he beat out. But the better he got the more the knowing ex-lightweight forced him on, until his arms ached as though they would drop off.

The sessions with the big bag were no better. Cluney stood behind it and leaned his shoulder into it with every punch. The Corporal slugged until the very marrow in his bones was sore.

Kane listened attentively as Mickey instructed him on how to throw punches. It was forever—left hook, left hook, left hook. Sometimes Fallon would spring into the ring like an excited sparrow. Bobbing and weaving, with Cluney as a target, the manager would demonstrate.

"This way, kid. This way. Don't swing it. Throw it—short, hard. Like you was pushin' that revolv'n' door."

The arc of the left hook grew shorter, the power behind it more lethal. Kane became faster, stronger. He learned to roll with punches to make them lose their force; to slip under others; to feint and counter.

ONE day Kane's brilliance in the ring dazzled even the blasé Fallon.

"What do you think?" Happy asked Cluney during a rest period.

"I seen lotsa good gym fighters," Mickey answered noncommittally.

Fallon pondered the cryptic appraisal. "I'm going to give Dato the office," he announced.

Dato was a rough, 240-pound sparmate. He listened woodenly to Fallon's orders as Mickey tied on his gloves. But the big Greek smiled maliciously at Kane as he climbed through the ropes.

As they came out of the first clinch the Greek whipped the back of his glove in a stinging blow across the boy's mouth.

Surprise flickered across Kane's face. He had only time to utter a short syllable of protest before Dato was inside his guard and forcing him against the ropes.

The big heavyweight leaned his head on Kane's chest and then brought it up sharply so that it cracked against the boy's chin. Dato backed away and then held out his right hand in a gesture of apology. When Kane went to reach for it the Greek whipped a sharp left hook that landed flush on the youngster's face.

Kane started backwards. He turned his

head to complain to Fallon about the sparring partner's foul tactics. Immediately another blow landed in a blinding flash and Kane heard strange noises. He backpedaled in panic.

Fallon leaned through the under rope, shouting. Kane looked at him appealingly—this wasn't fair; this was dirty.

Through a deadening fog he heard Happy's strident voice. "Hit 'im! Hit 'im! Hit the big slob."

Kane saw Dato bearing down on him. In close quarters he hooked sharply with his left. A sudden exhilaration swept through the boy as the blow made contact and he saw the Greek's face twisted in a grimace.

Kane stepped in and hooked again—then again; short, vicious power-packed blows that sent Dato's mouthpiece spinning. The heavyweight's eyes rolled and he stumbled backwards.

For an instant Kane crouched before his helpless sparring mate. The muscles of his body were tense and his face tight. Then, deliberately, the blonde youth feinted with his right. Dato dropped his guard in a punch-drunk reflex.

Hate and fury powered Kane's left fist through its six-inch arc. Dato's knees buckled and his big-limbed frame trembled. Coldly, Kane hit him again. The ring posts shook as the massive hulk hit the canvas.

Fallon lost his derby in his scramble through the ropes. Mickey Cluney bounded into the ring from the opposite side. The manager backed the blonde boy into a corner and wiped the sweat from his face with a towel. He turned his head toward the center of the ring where Mickey was struggling with Dato's inert body.

"You seen him mad, didn't you?" he screamed at Cluney. "You seen him, didn't you?" There was exultation in Happy's voice as he rubbed down his protege's lithe body.

Fallon got Kane his first fight in a club in Elizabeth, New Jersey. The Corporal's opponent, Phil Vance, was hand-picked,

but no tanker. Happy knew that this once-tough club fighter was slow and had lost his punch. He wanted his fighter to get the feel of the ring—the smoke and the noise of the crowd—against a man who would be easy to tag.

LIKE most small fight clubs, the one in Elizabeth was packed early that Friday night. The air was already foul and the crowd impatient when Phil Vance and Corporal Kane crawled through the ropes for the first contest.

Mickey Cluney felt a wave of nostalgia as he instructed Kane to rub his feet in the resin.

"Don't look at the lights," Fallon counseled.

Kane acknowledged his introduction with a wave of his hand and grinned good humoredly at a couple of Bronx cheers. Then, with Happy by his side, he walked to the center of the ring for the referee's instructions.

Back in the corner Mickey whipped off Kane's bathrobe. Fallon shouted last minute advice as he ducked through the ropes. The bell gave its brazen clang.

Phil Vance came out of his corner bobbing and weaving. He had sized up the blonde kid for a novice. He crowded right into the Corporal and threw the first punch—a long, looping, sucker-right with everything he had behind it.

Kane rolled his head and let the blow pass harmlessly by.

Left elbow high, he caught Vance coming in to him. His left gloved hooked a scant six inches and at the same instant Kane pivoted his 175 pounds of sinew behind it.

There was a sharp slap of leather on flesh and Vance dropped to his hands and knees. The referee stepped in and shoved Kane to a neutral corner.

As the official picked up the count Vance made an effort to rise. Instead, his legs buckled and he skidded half-way across the ring on his face.

The crowd ganged to its feet. Not one

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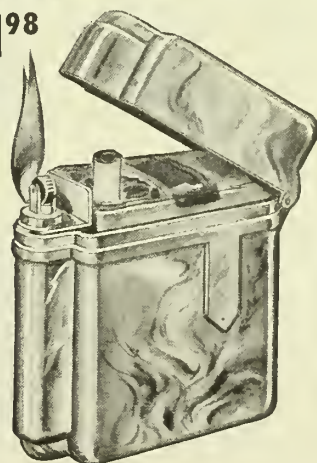
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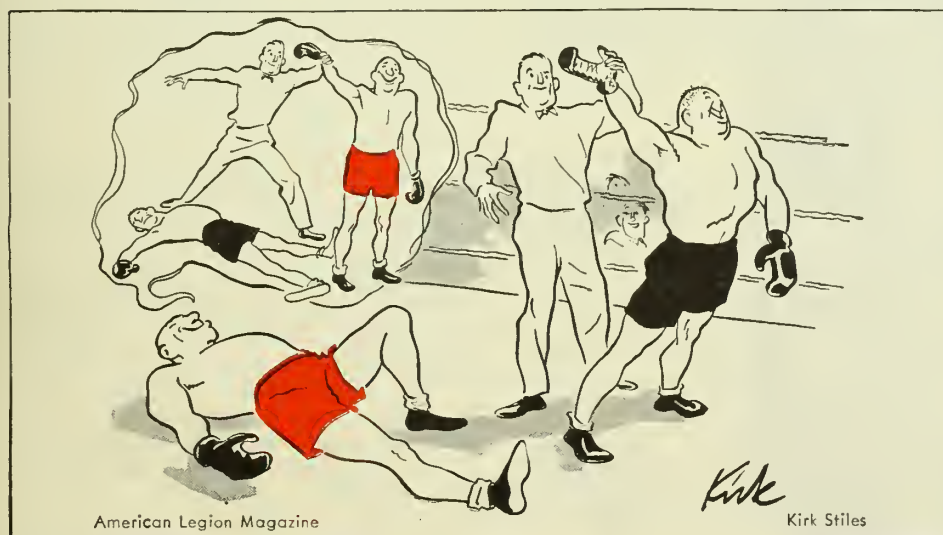
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American Legion Magazine

Kirk Stiles

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in ten had seen that murderous left whip over Vance's sucker-punch. Boos and cries of "Fake, fake," filled the air.

Mickey Cluney leaped to help Vance's seconds drag the stricken fighter to his corner. And he watched with narrowed, experienced eyes as they worked over the unconscious man. When he returned to where Fallon stood with Kane he was smiling.

"I thought you was pullin' a Barney on me, Happy," he said through a toothy grin, "so I hadda see for myself. It's the McCoy." His nod meant that, as a puncher, Kane was the goods.

As they marched up the aisle to the dressing room they ran into Steve Lauderbeck, sportswriter for the Elizabeth Register. Lauderbeck was arriving late.

"What happened?" the columnist inquired, grasping Fallon by the arm.

"Vance got caught in a revolv'n door," Happy told him.

**S**ATISFIED that Kane was of championship caliber, Fallon dipped deeply into his fund of resourcefulness to build up the Corporal's record. While the blond boy's ability was being honed under Cluney's canny guidance and progressively tougher fights, Happy did not deny a steadily growing newspaper rumor that the ex-Marine's climb to fame was being smoothed.

Shifty Larsen, meanwhile, was doing well under Artie Weber's management. He had won three and was in line for a spot in the Garden. In his last bout, which both Fallon and Cluney had cased, it was apparent that Weber had been trying to correct Larsen's telegraphing of the right cross, and though the movement was not so pronounced as it had been, nonetheless it was still perceptible to anyone on the lookout for it.

The morning after this fight Cluney drew Fallon aside. "I've been thinking," he said. "It looks to me like Kane's ready."

Fallon, who had been entertaining similar thoughts, needed no further urging. That afternoon he visited the office of promoter Max Abramson.

Happy had no trouble getting to the rotund matchmaker. Abramson greeted the veteran manager cordially. Fallon didn't waste words.

"Max," he stated abruptly, "get me Shifty Larsen."

The promoter laughed. "Happy," he said, "Kane is no draw. Of course his record looks good. . . ." Abramson made a depreciatory gesture.

"It is good!" Fallon broke in harshly, his eyes becoming suddenly hard. He rapped the knuckles of his miniature fist upon the promoter's desk in emphasis. "That record is legit."

Max Abramson toyed with a pencil, turning it end over end in his hands as his mind probed all the angles. He eyed Fallon keenly.

"Is this boy of yours ready, Happy?"

Are you sure you're not letting revenge get the better of your judgment?"

"The gambler bets; the sucker calls," Happy quoted. "Kane can take Larsen in six. It's up to you to get Weber to call."

"I'll work on it, Happy," Abramson promised.

**T**HE Garden was a sellout the night of the Larsen-Kane fight. The grudge-angle publicity Max Abramson had given the bout had the fans ready for nothing short of murder. Through stories on the sports pages they were well familiar with the deal Larsen had given Happy Fallon. They roared a welcome when Kane was introduced.

Shifty Larsen seemed oblivious to the chorus of boos he encountered. He looked fit, but the lines in his face were deeper and his mouth had a cruel set to it as he glared across the ring at Happy and the Corporal. Throughout the instructions his eyes seemed to smolder as they traveled over Kane's trim body. His pretense at the handshake was a mockery.

The bell clanged and Larsen moved out with a sureness bred of many ring encounters. He stepped quickly around Kane, displaying the dazzling footwork that had earned him his nickname.

The Corporal pivoted warily, guard up, head and shoulders weaving slightly.

Larsen danced in, his left hand darting like a snake's tongue. Kane rolled and clinched. At the break Shifty jabbed his left thumb into the Corporal's right eye.

Mickey Cluney, watching from the corner, felt a tightening in his stomach as anger rushed into Kane's face. If the Corporal lost his temper all the painstaking hours of instruction about Larsen's tip-off before shooting the right cross might go with it.

Shifty maneuvered Kane into a corner. He jabbed at the blonde boy and at the same instant almost imperceptibly raised



American Legion Magazine

Leo Solkin

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**never**

## PRODIGAL SAM

(Continued from page 11)

summary to outline specifically the minerals of which we had little or the extent of depletion of each of the following named minerals, but all of them have been reduced to a point where the known reserves will not sustain, for a great period, our present economy: Copper, zinc, gold, lead, silver, bauxite, vanadium, antimony, tungsten, platinum, mercury, asbestos, manganese, chromite, nickel and tin. In considering these shortages, we should give due consideration to the possibilities of new discoveries. The shortages in some of our minerals indicate the necessity for "stock-piling."

We have depleted to a degree which demands attention, but not as drastically as the minerals named above: Fluorspar, sulphur and iron. Again we should make due allowance for the possibility of new discoveries, but at the same time, we should bear in mind that, in our present economic structure, iron is a basic material. It is true that science has given us plastics that are taking the place of metal. These plastics come largely from water, air, things that grow, and coal. Coal, of course, is a mineral of which we have an abundant supply. Plastics are replacing some of the minerals.

**I**N our 170 years as a nation, we have used up approximately seven-eighths of our building timber resources. The war occasioned an especially heavy drain on timber, but we have always been wasteful with our forests.

Through our wasteful agriculture and water policies, we have, in the short history of this republic, destroyed one-fifth of the agricultural productivity of our country. We are continuing to destroy the life-giving substance of our soil at the rate of one-



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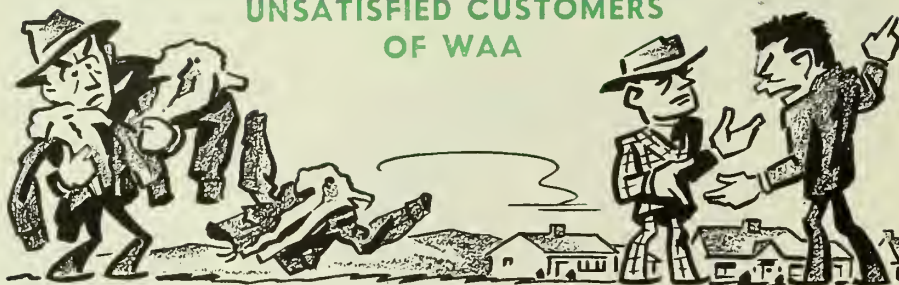
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## UNSATISFIED CUSTOMERS OF WAA



**SIR:** In July 1945 while still in Germany I wrote to Washington for particulars concerning a surplus glider. In October I received an application which I filled out and returned. In June 1946 I received a notification that gliders were for sale at our fairgrounds. I received this the day after they had been disposed of, all to one bidder. He had paid \$25 apiece for them. His selling price was \$225 for three.

EARL H. TAYLOR

Fayetteville, New York

**Sir:** Sometime ago an electrician with whom I am well acquainted subscribed to the War Surplus Bulletin. On receiving the bulletins he would send an airmail letter to the place concerned requesting certain electrical items. He had a Class A priority but he always got the same reply, "Sorry, too late, all gone." Becoming fed up, he made a long distance call on getting the next bulletin, and after getting the usual "Sorry, all gone" line asked exactly where all this material was going. He was told confidentially, and I quote, "Here, in this warehouse, the material is carried to bins where it is later examined by veterans and the other buyers holding Class A priorities. But in this very warehouse speculators have set up offices and when any material that is in great demand is released for sale it never reaches the bins."

JAMES E. MICHENER

Orrville, Ohio

**Sir:** By letter not long ago I tried to buy a carbine through the WAA. A few days later I received a reply saying I could not purchase the item unless I was a dealer. I then went to a dealer and found the gun so priced I could not afford it. If there has to be a profit made on surplus goods why not let the Government make it to help pay off the war debt? And I can see no reason why a veteran can't order any small item directly from surplus stock. I understand any officer being discharged can buy at cost almost anything declared surplus.

JACK NESTOR

Spanishburg, West Virginia

**Sir:** Here at Ft. Crook the WAA lists Savage, Remington and other brands of pump riot guns for sale at from \$16 to \$20. These are bargains, but the catch is that they're available in lots of ten only and to those with dealers' licenses. Why not add a little to the cost if single sales are made, and let some ex-GI's go hunting? The lady in the War Assets office said a GI just opening his business needed the exact pneumatic tools they had in the window. His

trouble—he had to buy a dozen or none. Here's another case. I wore those sheepskin lined flying clothes and didn't annex one, which is admittedly my fault. All I have to do to buy one now is get a dealer's license and buy a dozen. I don't know what I'd do with the other eleven.

W. F. WINFIELD

Omaha

**Sir:** At the San Bernardino Army Air Field for the past six months they have never listed any article as war surplus for sale until after the time has expired for the veterans' priority on such sales. Then we veterans must bid against very stiff competition with no regard whatsoever. If this is to continue what were we given a priority for?

J. SEWELL

Victoryville, California

**Sir:** I live in a village owned by the Government and am willing to buy the house in which I live. I think every GI living here would like to have a chance at the house he is now renting, but instead of giving us a chance the Government offers these houses for sale to some firm, the highest bidder. If the Government is trying to help the GI, why can't they sell the houses to us instead of to some civilian?

CARL S. HAGA

Pulaski, Virginia

**Sir:** In 1945 I put in an order for surplus dental equipment and on January 24, 1947, I received word that this material was available. In the meantime I had bought the essentials I needed from dealers. Now I am looking for smaller, everyday items. I've had no word from the WAA concerning them, but you can see from the enclosed folder that larger dental wholesalers can buy all they want even if I cannot. I am disgusted with the WAA. I've been out of work almost a year and spent quite a bit of my savings locating and trying to buy this material. Now that I am opened for business and trying to build up my practice they want me to leave for three or four days to go to some obscure place and buy this material.

DR. ———

Mechanicville, N. Y.

**Ed. Note:** Our Sound Off department had for many months received letters from readers telling of the hardships that beset WW2 vets who tried to buy items from the War Assets Administration. Many of the letters contained more indignation than fact, so we invited readers to state cases. The above letters are a sampling of the response.

half million acres per year. The remedy for this is an enlightened water and soil policy, a subject I have treated on another occasion.

As a supplement to our coal and oil power, we should give considerable place to water power.

In the past eighty-five years, nearly thirty billion barrels of oil have been produced in twenty-three States of the Union. Through the nineteen twenties our known reserves were only five or six billion barrels. Notwithstanding the increased drain upon our oil reserves during the war, today because of new discoveries our known petroleum reserve has increased to more than twenty-three billion barrels. The probabilities are that we shall continue to discover new petroleum resources in America. Although the foregoing dissipates somewhat the persistent predictions that the United States will become a "have not" nation in petroleum in the near future, it does not defeat the commonsense argument that America should cease giving away its resources.

**I**N recent years, methods have been developed for the manufacture of gasoline from coal and lignites and the extraction of oil and gasoline from oil shale. The Bureau of Mines has a program which, if coupled with the research and development carried on by private enterprise, should advance these processes.

The United States has a known reserve of more than three trillion tons of coal, 52 percent of the world's known coal deposits. Next to the United States is Canada, with 16 percent.

There will be new discoveries of both coal and oil, but even without these new sources and without the continuation of technological improvements which will



"You heard what she told you yesterday—she said she never wants to see you again!"

American Legion Magazine

George Wolfe



## A Landmark in Good Taste

YES, "CARVING ONE'S INITIALS" in a mountain is something out of the ordinary. But...7 Crown is something out of the ordinary. It's Seagram's finest American whiskey. What more can be said?

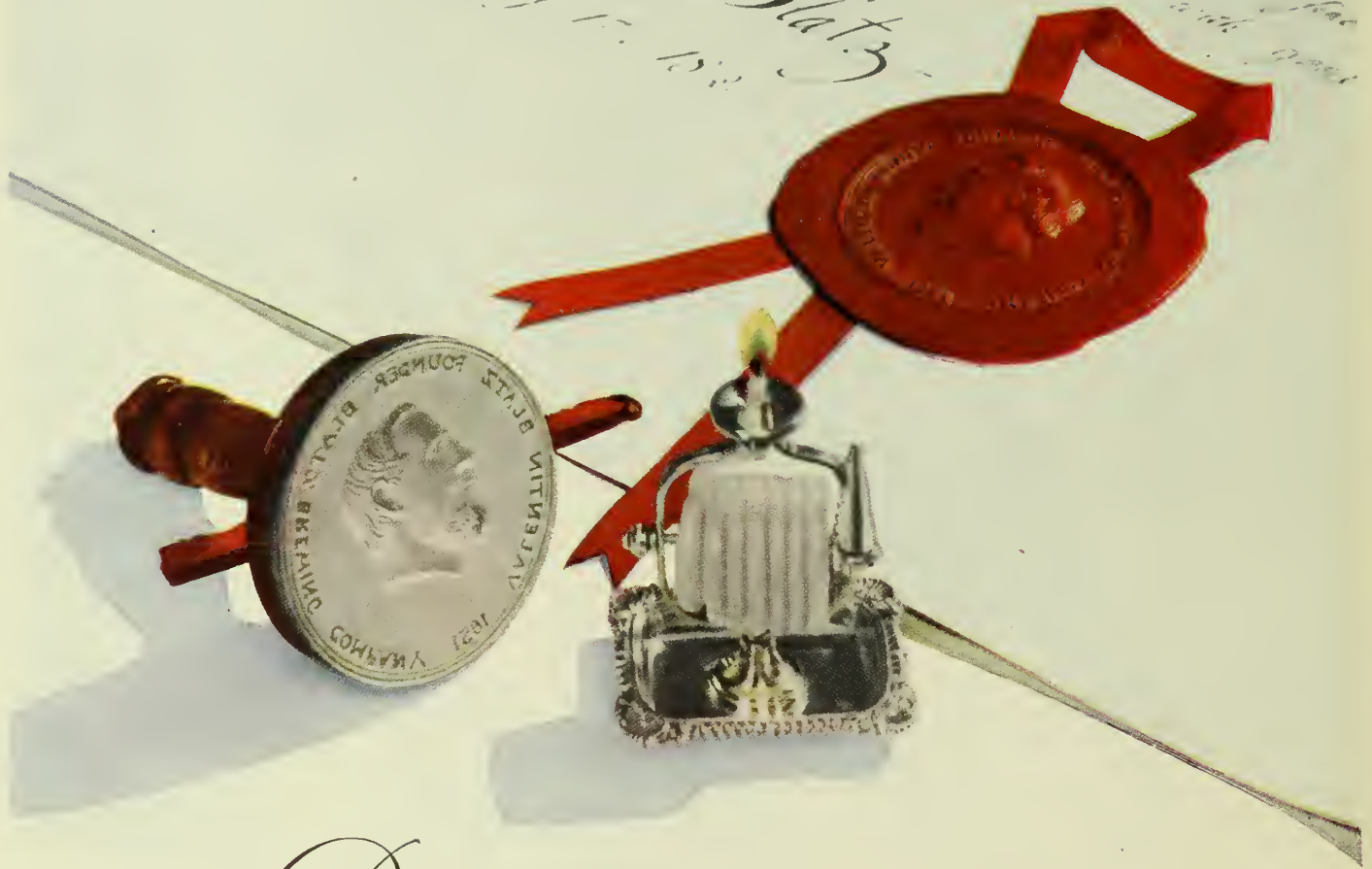
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*Seven Crown*

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*Valentin Blatz*  
*January 17, 1894*

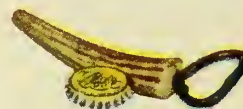


*Public approval is never won forever...  
It's seal must be earned anew by every batch you brew*

Ideals of the Founder VALENTIN BLATZ, 1826-1894  
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

*Blatz*

**BREWER OF BETTER BEER...**



produce more power from these minerals, the United States has a reserve that at our present rate of consumption will support our economy for more than a thousand years.

While the foregoing indicates that America is not about to become a "have not" nation in petroleum, coal and iron, it does not alter the fact that these resources should not be paid for with American taxpayers' money and lavishly given away.

America should not follow policies that weaken the greatest productive unit on earth. Instead, we should aim at assisting other nations in the development of their own resources for the purpose of raising their own standard of living.

**G**REAT stress is being laid on the advent of atomic resources. Atomic energy will reach proportions as a power in industry beyond everything that is claimed for it. Nevertheless, we should not forget that oil, coal and iron will remain, at least for some time, the basis of peacetime industry and, even in years to come, the basic support of atomic energy for peaceful purposes.

The amelioration of the great contrast between the American standard of living and that of other nations must be brought about by raising the position of other people rather than by reducing the standards of America.

The United States does not seek to dominate any other nation or people. Our nation should neither seek nor accept economic advantages in any foreign nation that are not available to all nations. It is proper for the United States to assist in promoting the standard of living, well-being, territorial integrity and administrative independence of other nations, great and small. But we cannot continue

## ANYWAY, THEY MADE HOME

**Y**EARs ago when open cockpit planes were the latest things in air travel, Captain (now General, retired) Doolittle was assigned to transport an infantry general to a distant Army camp. It was in the fall of the year, season of heavy weather. And after a few hours in the air, the plane flew into a severe electrical storm that shook every fibre of the de Havilland.

When they finally reached their destination, the passenger was considerably relieved.

"I want to congratulate you, Doolittle, on getting through," said the general.

"Thank you, sir," said the younger man, removing the radio earphones he'd worn during the flight.

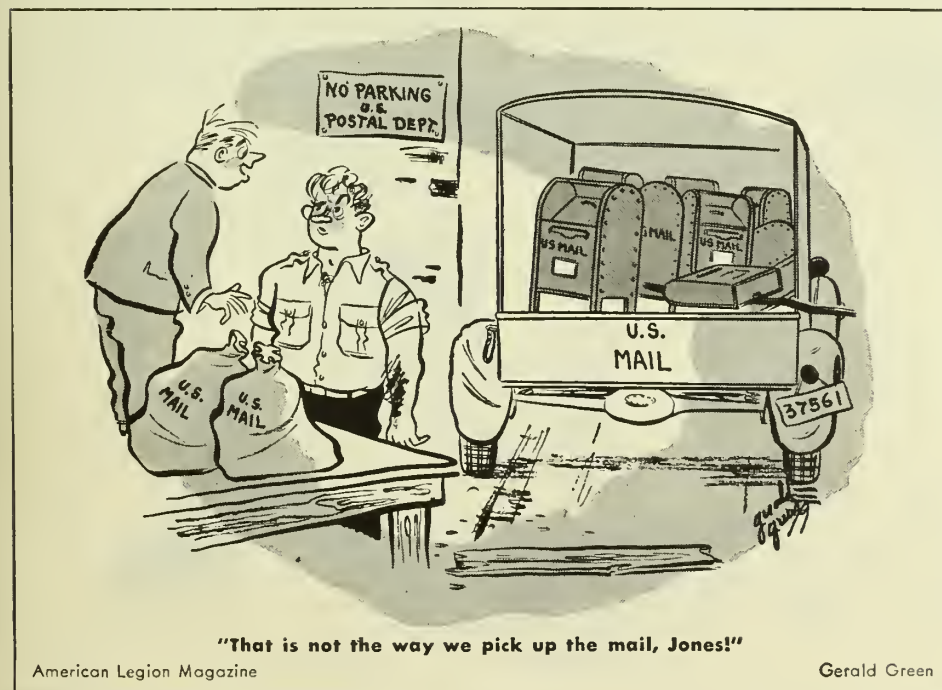
"Yes," reiterated the general, "it was a rough trip! But every time I got scared I looked at you, up front with those earphones on. And I knew you'd keep on the beam and get us through!"

"These earphones were a great help," admitted Doolittle, grinning. "But we weren't exactly on the beam. There isn't one near this field. *I was listening to the world series!*"—By Tom Gootée

to be "Uncle Sugar" to the rest of the world without weakening our own economic well-being. We should stop using the American economic system to support ideologies that are in conflict with it.

**A**MERICA can never be isolated again. We must assume our responsibilities in the world. We should support the principles laid down in the Atlantic Charter and reaffirmed by the Iran Declaration. We should support the United Nations. We should help others to help themselves. We should now plan to pay our own debts.

THE END



"That is not the way we pick up the mail, Jones!"

American Legion Magazine

Gerald Green



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### HORSES MAKE JOCKEYS, HE SAYS

(Continued from page 23)

serious when they say they often know what their mounts are thinking!

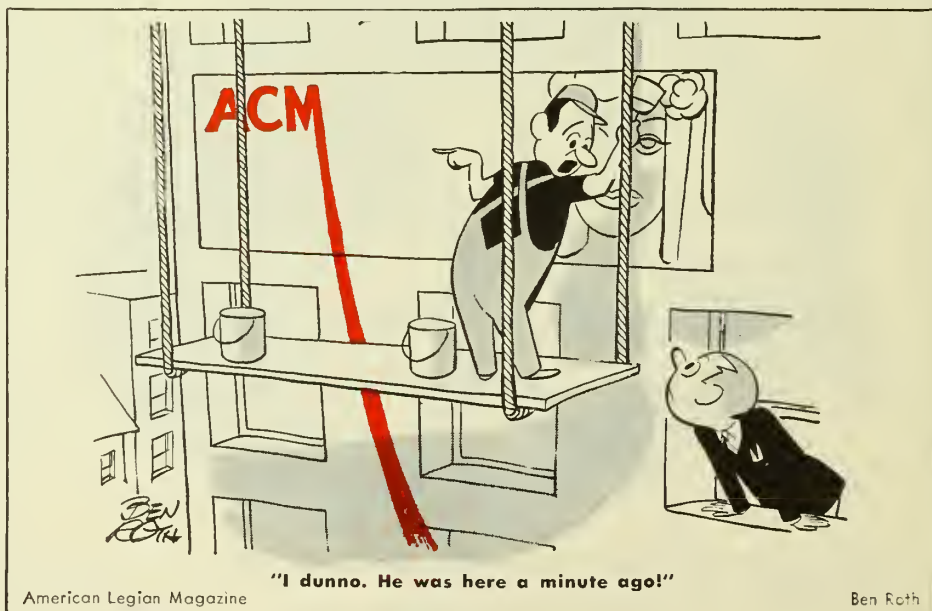
There are all kinds of horses—the plodder, the hard worker, the cheater, the champ and the stupid horse, or dope. Take the dope, for example. He doesn't stand a chance of winning, but there's a purse for fourth place, and the good jockey will try to do his level best to get that spot at least. But the dope hasn't got a brain in his head and will run a screwball race unless the jockey breathes confidence into him. Atkinson, Arcaro, McCreary and a bunch of other top jockeys all agreed in one voice that the way to handle the dope is to kid him along, and the way to kid him is to pretend you're holding him back. If the rider holds the horse back the dope will run his heart out. "I must be going pretty good today," he thinks. "The jockey is holding me in." So he puffs up with pride and runs better than he knows how and when they come to the stretch he has a fighting chance for a piece of the purse. If the jockey sat back and let the dope run he would probably start thinking about oats and green pastures and forget about running, and if the dope got an early whip he'd be shocked out of all confidence because that was necessary so soon. So some day when you see a jockey holding back

a horse that's running in sixth spot don't jump to the conclusion that "the stable ain't trying!"

On the other hand some horses are eager beavers—they have to go out and do it all at once. The jockey has to let a horse make his own pace and pray he's strong enough to end in the money. "Try holding that horse back so he'll have something left in the stretch and he'll wear himself out

fighting the jockey," said Ted Atkinson.

Atkinson had a mare at Pimlico, Nomadic, with a little less early foot than Upper Level, the horse she had to beat. The stable's orders were to hold her off Upper Level's pace. Ted kept her a half length back on the inside, when the pack began to challenge. The mare got on the bit and tried to run down Upper Level. Ted shifted the bit to snug her off the pace



American Legion Magazine

Ben Roth

## NEW YORK GETS '47 CONVENTION

NATIONAL Headquarters of the American Legion has announced that New York City will be the site of the 29th annual National Convention. The convention will last four days, from August 29 through September 1.

The New York Convention and Visitors Bureau has promised that 10,000 hotel rooms will be set aside for conventioners, and said 7,500 of them have already been allocated.

The last National Convention in New York opened on September 21, 1937, and attracted a half-million visitors, all told, to that city.

just a little. She began to fade too much and Ted wanted to use the whip.

"First I showed it to her," Atkinson made the gesture, hunching forward as though he were on the mare's back, holding the whip beside her eye. "She shook her head at it." As he told this story Ted's head bobbed sharply from side to side in imitation of his mount. "I didn't use that bat. Maybe I should have, because she lost. But she let me know she sure wasn't going to like it and I wouldn't take the chance."

Jockeys pick up their knowledge of performance from early morning workouts, the stable and tack-room grapevine, the turf papers. Yes, they read sheets too!

But Atkinson insists success snowballs, that once the boy is good enough to rate a contract with a great racing stable, he needs less and less of the experience that brought him to the top. When you consistently get to ride on superior horseflesh, all you have to do is get the steed out there where it can *run* (he says).

TED Atkinson is in that enviable spot and the story of how he got there makes good telling because he was not a naturally gifted rider. "Some boys have racing instinct right from the start," he admits candidly, "others have to learn it the hard way, like me."

He first got the idea of becoming a rider back home in Upper New York State. An old man who followed the county fairs with his two-horse stable noticed Ted's build and propositioned him. Ted wanted to finish high school and didn't accept the offer. A couple of years later, he drifted to the city where he was having trouble making both ends meet on his \$25 weekly salary. He remembered the old man's suggestion.

"Nobody took me seriously because I was such a shrimp. I began to realize that although I was no longer an infant, I wasn't much bigger than one!"

Atkinson figured that since there was nothing he could do about his lack of stature, he might as well try to put it to work for him. He scraped an acquaintance with the late Silvio Coucci who persuaded famous Greentree Stud to give Ted a trial.



*Col. Crow began to distill his whiskey  
the year of the great barbecue to*

**Gen. Lafayette**

The year was 1825, and the flower of Kentucky gentry gathered at Versailles. What finer beverage with which to toast the honored guest than some of the excellent whiskey from Col. Crow's distillery only a few miles away!

THOSE IN THE KNOW ~ ASK FOR

**OLD  
CROW**



*A Truly Great Name*

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES



**KENTUCKY STRAIGHT**  
*Bottled-in-Bond*

In those days the apprentice usually signed with a stable for a dollar a day and keep. It was a long, long time before he got to be a jockey or even an exercise boy. For two years, he scrubbed, rubbed, and groomed horses. He swept out stalls, polished boots and gear, acted as a general chambermaid. Then he became an exercise boy. He galloped horses each dawn, walked the "hots" after they worked out. If a boy showed promise and looked as though he wouldn't eat himself out of the bantam-weight class, he finally became an apprentice rider. Then he had to boot home forty winners or more in a year before he lost his "bug," the asterisk on the race track programs which signifies weight allowance for an apprentice.

Atkinson showed exactly zero promise at Greentree and they promptly gave him his walking papers. "You'll never make a rider," they told him.

If genius is one percent inspiration and all the rest pure sweat, Ted Atkinson qualifies. He refused to quit, bummed his way from one rural oval to another, "riding for anyone who had a horse, a half dollar, and no exercise boy." Luck was with him. He finally happened on a trainer who was less concerned with his ability than with the fact that he could make the weight and would ride for buttons. Ted didn't know some horses loafed for a living and others ran. He made all the mistakes in the book and he made a lot of them twice!

The first year Ted's rides went into the record, he topped 36 winners. The second year, he made it 45. The third year, he hit 96! It was during this period Atkinson got his initial assignment to a stake horse. He simply happened to be working for a man who had one. Dunade was the thoroughbred's handle. The owner was a fellow named McDermott. Ted managed to kick Dunade home first in a couple of overnight handicaps and small stakes. He was in.

Nothing succeeds like success. John



## A POST JUNIOR RIFLE CLUB AND HOW IT GREW

**I**N a small town of 8,500 population in the "show-me" state of Missouri, there is an excellent example of a worthwhile activity made possible by the cooperation and sponsorship of an American Legion Post.

Nevada, Missouri, is a typical medium sized agricultural town of which there are similar thousands throughout the length and breadth of America. It has its one Senior and Junior high school with its boys and girls of Mid-western true American heritage. Its Legion Post—Leon Ogier No. 2—meeting in its own Memorial Building, is a group of wide-awake individuals that are a credit to their community.

In the fall of 1941, a group of high school students, both boys and girls, wanted to form a rifle club in the high school. They had only the idea, but no equipment except one target rifle belonging to one of the girls who, together with her younger sister, had shot a little at one of the summer camps for girls. The organization of such a club seemed hopeless. Proper rifles and equipment were expensive. No space was available at the high school and no funds were to be had to build backstops or furnish the necessary indoor lighting.

An appeal to the American Legion was presented by two Legionnaires, N. T. Paterson and Frank Snyder. A special meeting was called to discuss the problem. As with many Legion Posts in limited territory, the Legion's funds were not too plentiful and none were available to finance this project. They did have the space for four firing points in the basement of their building and permission to use this for an indoor range was enthusiastically voted by the post.

It was suggested by the then Post Commander, Jerry Vineyard, who also was superintendent of schools, that any Legionnaire desiring to contribute towards the purchase of the necessary rifles and equipment, could do so on a strictly voluntary basis. There would be no assessments. This resulted in a large number of Legionnaires contributing five dollars each, thereby raising sufficient funds to purchase one new rifle and two second-hand rifles, plus necessary lighting equipment and lumber and steel plate to build three backstops. The club was started with the Legion as sponsor represented by N. T. Paterson, the high school sponsor, one of the teachers, Mr. Burl Hamilton, and Frank Synder, as instructor, assisted by two non-Legionnaires, Harry Stukesbury and Ernest Siebels, two local shooting enthusiasts.

The newly organized club immediately affiliated with the National Rifle Association of Washington, D. C., and obtained its Junior charter. Ammunition was purchased through that source, the funds again being advanced by individual Legionnaires who were repaid as the mem-

bers purchased their ammunition as they fired. Later ammunition became available through the Director of Civilian Marksmanship at Washington, and last year an issue of three additional rifles was granted by the War Department through that same source. In the meantime several rifles were individually purchased by the more enthusiastic members for their personal use. Thus adequate supply of rifles is now maintained for the club.

The club originally started with 16 members. It had one meeting a week on Tuesday night. Its membership is limited to Junior and Senior high school students from age 13 to 19 years. In 1945, the demands for membership made it necessary to meet two nights a week, so with the cooperation of the local State Guard unit, which occupies the building outside of Legion meetings, Monday night was made available, and the membership of 35 was divided in two groups, the beginners on Monday night and the advanced class on Tuesday night.

**S**INCE organization in September, 1941, this Junior Rifle club has shown itself worthy of the confidence and sponsorship of the local Legion Post. Entered in the National Postal Matches conducted by the National Rifle Association and the Hearst Postal matches, they have been well up in the top bracket in national standing. During the war, they fired several shoulder to shoulder matches with the officers and enlisted men at Camp Clar, the Prisoner-of-war camp near Nevada, Missouri, and were victorious in every match. In March they won third place in the Seventh Service Command, in the Hearst Postal Match, and their trophy is in the trophy case at the high school. One of their members, Betty Paterson, a 17-year-old Senior and distinguished rifleman, while shooting in Minnesota this summer, won the individual intersummer Camp Championship of United States and Canada, topping all boys and girls in this event. Her score was 100 x 100 prone and 88 x 100 in the difficult standing position. She was also in the Senior Girls National Inter Camp Champion team, and was high girl in the team.

All told, this club has developed two distinguished riflemen. Betty Paterson and Joe Stukesbury, and 8 expert riflemen with many others completing the sharpshooter classification.

The annual dues are \$2.00 for the first year and \$1.00 for the renewal of their membership each year. The club income is now sufficient to pay for all repairs and replacements and additional equipment needed. They now have 5 target backstops and outdoor range equipment. Legion Post Ogier pays for the medals as the young shooters qualify over the different stages from Pro Marksman up to and including the highest award, Distinguished Rifleman.



"You the gent that's got a fly in his soup?"

American Legion Magazine

Bo Brown

Nerud, a jockey's booking agent, decided Ted could be a profitable client. He began pitching for the boy and got him more and more mounts on better and faster horses. The fourth year Ted was in the saddle, he came home first 167 times, the year following, 169. Twice, he was the country's leading rider. During the racing season just ended, he took the months of November and December off after having racked up 230 winners. What does it mean in dollars and cents? Figure it out for yourself. There was no point in Ted's accepting one more mount than he did, in 1946, because he was already in the 75 percent tax bracket and couldn't make more than a few dimes if he rode every race on the card right up to New Year's Eve!

**T**ED Atkinson proved that you don't need magic in your hands to be a top jock. Learn horses and riders, add a little grit and a lot of common sense, and get on a horse that can run. That's all there is to it. Ted has plenty to show for his ten years in racing. He'd never have met his wife if he hadn't stuck to the ponies. She's the former Martha Shank, daughter of the famous harness driver. They have two nice looking kids, Cathey, 5, and John, a toddler of 21 months. There's a house in Queens Village that's bought and paid for, a share in a big stock farm, a winter place in Miami Springs. Not bad for a fellow who still won't go shopping because everybody else gets waited on first—the storekeeper thinks he's one of the neighbor's children!

The biggest belt Ted gets out of his rags to riches career comes from something that happened in the summer of '46 at Saratoga. Col. Whitney and his sister, Mrs. Payson, were conning the lists for a new contract jockey for their Greentree Stables. Who do you think they picked? You guessed it . . . Teddy Atkinson, the hoy they sent packing ten years ago because he'd never make a rider!

THE END



American Legion Magazine

Don Tobin

# KREML *Hair Tonic*

**DOES LOTS MORE THAN KEEP  
HAIR LOOKING HANDSOME!**



**This Special Combination of Hair Grooming  
Ingredients Is Found In NO OTHER Hair Tonic**

**M**en, be smart! Take *better* care of the hair you've got. One of the first requisites of handsome, healthy-looking hair is a 'hygienic' scalp.

So why settle for just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the *extra advantages* of a highly specialized hair tonic like Kreml!

## **NEVER SMOTHERS HAIR DOWN WITH GREASY GOO!**

Kreml contains a special combination of hair grooming ingredients, which is found in no other hair tonic. This is why it keeps hair neatly in place *longer* with a rich, healthy-looking lustre.

Yet Kreml never gives hair that cheap, greasy, patent leather look. It never leaves hair feeling sticky, gummy or dirty.

## **IS YOUR HAIR SO DRY IT BREAKS AND FALLS?**

Kreml is fine to lubricate a dry scalp. And if your hair is so dry it breaks and falls when you comb it—start using Kreml *at once*. Let it make your hair feel softer, more pliable and look as if it had some 'body' to it. At the same time Kreml removes itchy loose dandruff. Notice *how alive*—how 'hygienic' your scalp feels.

So men—use Kreml every morning to have that handsome clean-cut appearance—to help keep your scalp 'hygienic'!

Ask for a Kreml application at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter.

*A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.*



Listen to "The New Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" every Monday night coast-to-coast on ABC network. See local newspaper for time.



(Continued from page 21)

long cartons that could only house rods.

"Hm-m-m-m!" said the Colonel.

They were bright mahogany color. Hickory? Black palm? I didn't know. We never knew. Yew wood maybe. The things had reel seats as light as fly rod mountings and made of silver plated brass. Their fairleads were agate of finest quality. Silently the Colonel stood them side by side and opened the reels. They were also of some wood—wooden spools, wooden handles. No thumb brakes! No star-drags! They were nothing but big winding spools.

THE line was in hanks. There were only four rods and reels but there were twenty hanks of light yellow line.

"Eight thread unbleached linen," said the Colonel sadly. "Kite string."

"Where," he said softly to the swallowing Stacklein, "the hell—did you get—this gear?"

"Sir," said Stacklein. "Sir—Mr. Curtin got it for us."

"And who is Mr. Curtin?"

"Prime Minister of Australia, sir."

"Do you know what it is? Did Mr. Curtin know what it is? It's salmon gear off some bloody lord's estate. And we've got barracuda out there. Good God, maybe we've got yellow-fin tuna. Mr. Curtin, eh! Oh, well!—mix highballs, somebody. Where's Dill? Get Dill."

Dill was radio and electricity. He came.

"That Jap telephone wire we found at Buna was single strand, wasn't it?" the Colonel asked him. "You still got it? Get it."

It was lovely wire. It was cased in beautiful light yellow silk. It was no bigger than the eight thread cuttyhunk but when the Colonel cut a fathom length of it and shucked off the insulation and caught it

(Continued on page 43)



## VETERANS WITH IDEAS



### Movie Men

UNAFRAID to enter a highly competitive and hitherto well-nigh-sacred field are the Mullaney brothers, who designed, built (literally, that is) and are operating their own movie theater in Mattoon, Ill.

Ex-M/Sgt. Walt Mullaney and ex-T/Sgt. Jack Mullaney were discharged last November with only a few bucks and an idea. They would build and run a neighborhood movie house—they, who between them had four years of theater experience, all as ushers.

The fact that they were bucking a syndicate that had the three movie houses in town sewed up tight made no difference to the enterprising Mullaney.

Floating a GI loan, Walt and Jack obtained priorities for building materials, had them delivered, rolled up their sleeves and went to work. They dug and poured the foundation, put up the walls block by block, installed the 350 seats, built the stage and screen and threw up an artistic theater front, needing help only with the wiring installation.

They made their two-man invasion on Mattoon's theatrical circuit with a booming opening night and have the S. R. O. sign out ever since.

The Rickey Theatre, named after a 3-year-old nephew whose father lost his life overseas, is Mattoon's monument to two veterans who are making their own opportunities.—By Ellis D. Roberts

### Woof!

UP IN quiet White Plains, New York, a one-time dogfoot and two former sea wolves have gone to the dogs. Literally.

When Bob Swaner came home from war and put his navy gold stripes in moth balls, he saw what he had suspected all along. His two pet dogs were not getting enough good chow. Meat Shortage. He looked around and found dogs all over the place griping about shoddy ersatz substitutes. This, he decided, calls for action.

Cornering two buddies—his brother Bill who had just doffed his khaki captain's outfit after spending a brisk time landing amphibious tanks on Saipan, Okinawa and the Marshalls; and friend Jud Stanion, an ex-navy two-striper who helped expedite shipbuilding—he explained the pressing need of feed for housebroken quadrupeds. These three soon had an answer to the problem—and a business they can call their own.

Today you will find this enterprising trio using a converted garage loft as operations base for grinding to edible consistency, packaging, and distributing first-grade horseflesh for the gullets of 2,500 canine connoisseurs. They call themselves the "K9 Food Service" and catch client's imaginations with the trite-but-true motto "We Go To The Dogs!"

Getting red horsemeat to blue-blood dogs in their home town as well as to those in other towns in smart Westchester County keeps the boys busy. They'll be branching out soon, too.—By Al Peterson

### Stork Sweepstakes Pay Off

RACING the stork is proving good business for two ex-servicemen in Arlington County, Va. They've started their own ambulance business with a new wrinkle—radio telephone—and specialize in maternity cases.

When Harry Hinken, 22, was discharged from the Marine Corps on the West Coast, he worked for a doctors' ambulance agency and his friend Hugh Sutherland, also 22, a Navy man, helped out when he was off duty. After Sutherland got his discharge, both returned to their homes in Arlington, started investigating the ambulance situation. They found the County's new hospital had no ambulance, nor did the hospital in nearby Alexandria, Maternity cases in both areas were at a new high.

They got a new ambulance with a GI loan, called themselves Veterans Ambulance Service, and announced themselves ready for business November 7, 1946. By the end of the month, they were averaging four calls per day at better than \$6 per call. When they're completing one call, and the stork heads in their direction, a radio phone call to the ambulance gives them a head start. Most of their business is maternity cases from the two hospitals, but an increasing number of calls are from Washington, D. C., an \$8 run.

Hinken commented the other day they expect to be in business as long as people are having babies, which would seem to mean indefinitely. They plan to add another ambulance by year's end.

"The storks around here fly in squadrons," Hinken smiled.—By Edwin D. Neff

### He Laughs for a Living

WHEN Dave Caidin, of New York City, was riding to the Fort Dix induction center with some other draftees he tried to cheer them by telling jokes. They were old jokes, but when Dave laughed at the end of each the effect was contagious. Everyone laughed. Throughout his army career he kept laughing and the boys couldn't help laughing with him.

When he was discharged as over-aged he went back to clerking, but he preferred laughing to adding figures. Hearing that the National Laugh Week Foundation was going to conduct a meeting on April Fool's Day at a Manhattan hotel he rushed to offer his services. He was hired.

Henny Youngman, the comedian, spotted him. "Say," he said, "I'd like to have you laugh at all my jokes that way." Working as stooge in the audience for Youngman, Caidin was inspired to go in business for himself. He now performs at military and civilian hospitals in the metropolitan area as "The Human Laughmeter." He invites participants from the audience to step on stage and whatever the quality of the joke, Caidin laughs and laughs, and the audience follows suit. Recently he was paid \$347 for laughing one minute on a "We, the People" broadcast, and he is negotiating with Walt Disney to laugh in movie cartoons.—By George Lewis.



"See if you can get a sitter for tonight, dear—"

American Legion Magazine

Rodney de Sarro

over his boot in a loop and pulled with all his strength, he could not break it. Thoughtfully he put a kink in it and pulled again. The kink just straightened out in the lovely soft copper.

"Three hundred yard lengths," he told Dill. "Six of 'em. Get all the men you need and scrape that insulation off. And a dozen pairs of those heavy wireman's leather gloves. I want those."

Dill pulled a pair from his hip pocket.

"Yeah," the Colonel said. "Like those. Gimme."

He pulled them on and smothered one of the reels in his hands. He went through the motions of braking with the thick leather thumb.

"Those feather lures you got are O.K.," he said. "They're Jap too, I guess. We'll give those fish a try tomorrow."

FROM that tomorrow on save for the great strikes that required full squadrons, the little Aggie was out trolling. She worked the reef. Lord, that reef was alive with fish. Barracuda *syphyroena argentea*, the California killer was predominant of course. We threw everything as small as ten pounds back after giving it a .45 pistol bullet in the head to make feed for the rest. And good old *Seriola colburni*, the Pacific Amberjack, he would have his days and fill the Aggie's cockpit with thick bodied fine fish. Shark was there, giant grey and hammerhead. We would see their jibs cutting the water wary and cautious a hundred yards off. Whether we ever hooked one or not we never knew. The big cowards would send in their pilot fish quite often and they would strike and fight like champions for about twenty minutes and then quit. We always threw them back unharmed so they could go back and let the shark know we were tough.

The best hunting however was when the Aggie found the *Scomberomorus cavalla*



"Actually, they're all alike, but some-one was always wanting a larger or smaller one"

American Legion Magazine Charles Luchsinger

The Odds **AGAINST** your getting a bridge hand with **13** cards of the same suit are **158,758,389,900**

to **1**



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Brush-Off  
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**PLAY SAFE!** Don't try to brush-off DENTURE BREATH! Actually, the harder you brush your plate or bridge, the more you may offend.

You see, brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, powders or soaps may scratch your plate material. This material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*. These easily-made scratches are traps in which food particles and film collect . . . causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

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Soak plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or longer, rinse, and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into corners brushing never seems to reach, keeps dentures clean, bright, odor-free!

NO BRUSHING



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**USE DAILY TO KEEP PLATES,  
BRIDGES CLEAN...ODOR-FREE!**

school, the same old excellent king mackerel that all the eastern and southern seaboard boys knew from Cape Cod south and around to west Texas. Just to make things perfect he was not a whit changed from his Stateside brethren: size, markings, color and taste were just like home. And his fighting heart, it was the same too.

The *Aggie* would circle through the school. The Colonel, if he could get away, would be steering. She trailed four lines and all four would strike as the lures hit the school. Then what a circus. The twanging scream of those copper lines going out. The fine bend and quiver of those thoroughbred rods taking more than Scotland ever planned for them. You thumb braked until your thumb got red hot and the leather smoked and stank like a wet calf on branding day. Pain, thrill, a prayer that the big fighting mackerel would finish his run before all your line was gone, crowded together in a few seconds. Bringing him in after the run you knew you were working too. You always felt good because you had killed him, for he was food to make the kids cheer back in the mess halls. Fifty good kings would give all four squadron messes enough baked mackerel for second helpings.

The right to be on a fishing party had to be merited. It was always made up of men who were very tense after flying or who were going to be the next day. One bomber crew at a time was all there was room for and the demand was terrific.

Then it was beautiful to see the grand sport do its stuff. There is nothing in this world to make a man forget both yesterday and tomorrow like twenty pounds of fighting king mackerel on his hook. You cannot even remember in those violent moments that tomorrow you must bet a bit with death.

Jollity was always cargo in the *Aggie*.

After a few weeks the feather lures were funny. Barracuda were hard on the feathers with their razor sharp teeth and we had to replenish them somehow. Search as we might we could never find a white rooster. But the Group Doctor's two caged, pet, sulphur-crested cockatoos were white. One was a silent bird named *The Admiral* because he kept striding up and down his perch for all the world like a fat little admiral in whites striding his quarterdeck. The other, a voluble big bird, would squall at the least disturbance and scream, "—the Japs!—the Japs!" over and over to the doctor's intense embarrassment when officer's row was entertaining nurses or WACS. The futility of asking the doctor to supply feathers for fishing parties was so apparent that theft was imperative. The cage was entered while the doctor was absent, usually at night. The cockatoo is a thickly feathered bird but after a time both the doctor's pets began to look threadbare. It mystified him. He examined their excrement under a microscope to prove that the birds must moult and eat their feathers completely.

"A STUDY of the digestive acids of cockatoos is indicated," he said. "Nothing equals it in physiological chemistry."

Sadness had its time aboard the *Aggie* now and then. Good guys were dying and when good guys die the very air you breathe gets sad. I remember one afternoon. After the *Aggie* had all the fish everybody wanted there was either a swimming party or a poker game. If the majority said poker a table was set up under what was left of the canopy and then followed poker such as men who were living recklessly would play.

This afternoon the poker game was roaring. The day before, Tex Martin's tall, lean Texas crew had been aboard and filled the

## IMPULSES

by Ponce de Leon



Ponce de Leon

American Legion Magazine



"This is terrible! Wait till the vets at that stag find doves in theirs!"

American Legion Magazine

A. A. Wallgren

Aggie with big mackerel. Tex was up north on a very long and important recon. Intelligence insisted Jap transport was sneaking for Rabaul and Tex's course was laid straight north until he crossed the equator, and then east until he sighted New Ireland and the western tip of New Britain Island. He had taken wingtip and one bomb bay gas and even that gave him little to spare. His gas time figured nothing later than a five o'clock set-down on the home strip. It got to be four-thirty o'clock and nothing like Tex's plane had flown over us. The Colonel went to the radio in the Aggie's main cabin and called "Cornwilly" the group station.

"WHAT'S the report on Martin?" he asked.

"Last call at 1 o'clock, sir. He was on the southeast leg with New Ireland in sight. Had a big Jap transport with two destroyer escorts under him. Said he was going down to skip bomb and would call after the run. There has been nothing since. We can't reach him."

"Skip-bomb!" shouted the Colonel. "Where did he get those fuses?"

"Operations has checked on that, sir. He stole them shortly after midnight last night."

"All right," said the Colonel. His voice went flat. "All right. If you get anything

call the Aggie. Whose deal is it? Pete, it's your deal."

The poker game went on. In that air corps each man had flown so many missions that he had learned how not to look squarely at Mr. Death, either on his own account or on somebody else's. Mr. Death had every man's I.O.U. in those days in New Guinea. But no one mentioned those bad debts.

The poker game went on as I say but the betting was a little wilder. Possibly the men's minds were half occupied with a picture. It was of Tex going down to masthead height over that big transport in a whistling run. The ack-ack flamed pink and red and black up against him, a great blast of it from the big ship and the two waspish destroyers. It ate him up as he went in hard and fast with the plane tearing apart and blowing up as she somersaulted into the blue sea. And Tex, the damn fool, had asked for it, attacking on a recon against orders. Ultimate recklessness. But ultimate glamor shone there too.

FIVE o'clock. Five thirty! Six o'clock came and it was time to up anchor and get through the submarine net before it locked for the night. Time to get in and bathed and cleaned up for seven o'clock mess which would be serving Tex's king mackerel steaks.

"Well," someone said, "they went in better than most. They had a few gentlemen's hours instead of a sweat box in the sack in that lousy camp before they journeyed forth. They did a little livin' before they finished."

"Out here, you mean?" somebody else said.

"Yeah! A wizard afternoon with the kings. A day out here almost makes a man feel clean again. How did the game come out? I know I lost."

"I won fifty pounds," the big winner said. "Can anybody use it?"

THE END

## CHANGE OF SCENE

TEXAS, famous for her fighting men, has set a Navy record in this war that probably no other state will ever equal. Her small town of Calvert, population 2000, furnished four admirals to the fleet: Leland Crawford, Spencer Lewis, Parker Page, and Noah Robinson. Yet oddly enough, Calvert hasn't a creek, pond, or lake anywhere near it. The only water the admirals ever saw in their youth came out of the town wells.—By Adrian F. Nader.

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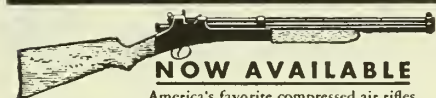
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THE WORLD OVER



## WOMAN OF MANY CAREERS

(Continued from page 19)

Thirty-second Division from the Army of Occupation.

Her career as a housewife and mother would provide material for a pretty good story in itself. Four beautiful daughters—including a set of twins—two now married to World War II veterans, are now followed by three grandchildren to delight her.

Her days as a physical education instructor in Kalamazoo and Detroit schools, following her graduation from Western State College at Kalamazoo and Wayne University in Detroit, is worth a feature story in itself for the new techniques she introduced, and the innovations she added to make the courses popular.

As an outdoors woman, her proficiency as a swimmer and life-saver, expert canoeist, mountain climber, fisherman, and open-air cook par excellence, is worth several chapters. Those many scores of us who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Pearls at their summer home on the shores of Torch Lake, far up the east shore of Lake Michigan, can testify to that facet of her many-sided experience.

The Federation of Women's Clubs in Michigan knows Mrs. Pearl as an organizer of exceptional capability, an expert parliamentarian, a highly qualified leader. She has also contributed generously of her time and talent to her chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In a strict biographical sense, these are the boiled down facts: She was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, the daughter of Benjamin and Nellie Waite, who were Michigan pioneers.

As a girl, her fine soprano voice attracted attention, when she sang in the choir at the Episcopal church. She was

urged to train seriously for a career in music; and her skill with pen, pencil and paint, her gift for design and draftsmanship, were as marked as her talent in music. She settled both questions by determining to specialize in health and physical education.

While professional training in the arts was passed up in order to follow her chosen field of health and education, the aptitude has continued in the family. One of Mrs. Pearl's daughters held a responsible position in the art department of a great national magazine and at the age of 20 could have become head of the department.

As a volunteer Red Cross entertainer, Dorothy Waite not only sang for the troops—but danced for them. Many who saw her then and have known her since still speak of her specialties, which included a gypsy dance and a clown dance.

While physical education instructor at Northwestern High School in Detroit, she trained her classes in real American democracy. Her students were frequently called upon to give demonstrations for teachers, principals, supervisors, superintendents, and for student bodies. Each class was so well trained that no direction was required during demonstrations.

There is every reason to believe that her earlier experience as an educator had much to contribute to Mrs. Pearl's success in the direction of the Wolverine Girl's State during the three years it has been in operation.

Following her marriage and adoption of a new career as housewife and mother, Mrs. Pearl still found time for other interests, but not to the neglect of her family. All four of the Pearl daughters became athletes, expert swimmers, and as devoted to the out-of-doors as their parents.

Becoming active in the The American Legion Auxiliary Unit of Red Arrow Post,



"Isn't he a wonderful model? I met him through his daughter"

American Legion Magazine

Sid Gordon



of which her husband is a past commander, Mrs. Pearl became interested in the annual sale of memorial poppies. She subsequently served as unit poppy chairman for 12 years. In this position she revealed her ability to strike out on a new path.

In Detroit, as in many places, there was much pride in reporting a large average financial return per poppy sold. Mrs. Pearl felt that the lesson of the poppy would be even more important to the wearer, if it were made known and understood, than the financial return to the Unit or Post conducting the sale. So through the schools assigned to Red Arrow Unit she made poppies available to every child who wanted one, even if the youngster could spare only a penny.

Red Arrow Unit poppy sales under this new plan first hit the 30,000 mark, to the astonishment of all other Units and Posts in that area, and in later years total annual sales went far above even that astonishing mark. And every child who wore a poppy from the Red Arrow Unit and Post knew the significance of the flower; what it commemorated; knew that it had been made by a hospitalized veteran; knew that the money obtained from the poppy sale was used in welfare work.

Here's another interesting item.

It was during the years when the nation found it fashionable to sneer at national defense and the armed services, when national magazines were granting free space to the "Hello, Sucker" advertisements showing a picture of a dead soldier caught in barb wire or of a disabled veteran in a wheelchair; and when the Veterans of Future Wars were making newspaper headlines with tongue-in-cheek demands for a bonus and pensions in advance of the wars, which—they said—some preparedness advocates were silly enough to think might confront the nation

in the future. It was during this period that Mrs. Pearl and one other patriotic woman who was also an Auxiliare, made an important contribution to the maintenance of an interest in the defense of the nation.

The Army Day Committee and the Navy Day Committee, in Detroit as elsewhere, did not get much encouragement in those days, but there was always a short parade in which American Legion Posts turned out with their colors. The parade would be followed by an open air ceremony and a brief talk by some qualified speaker at the City Hall. A luncheon at a downtown hotel followed the City Hall ceremony. But if it had not been for Mrs. Pearl and her friend, Mrs. Sid Erwin, there would not have been a corporal's guard at any of the luncheons to hear the imported speakers, during those sorry years.

Mrs. Pearl and Mrs. Erwin were both active in women's club work in Detroit. They divided these clubs into two groups, one composed of the so-called civic societies, the other composed of the patriotic organizations. Members of these groups were solicited to support the luncheons; for years they bought the luncheon tickets; for each year the speakers faced audiences composed about 80 percent of women—women organized by Mrs. Pearl and Mrs. Erwin to support preparedness and national defense according to the concepts of the Legion and other far-seeing patriotic citizens.

Later, when war's alarms again rang through the world, when Hitler and Tojo threatened to get out of hand, the country suddenly developed a brand new and suddenly sincere interest in military and naval affairs. And the women who had supported Army Day and Navy Day for so long, found it increasingly difficult to get their usual quota of luncheon tickets. The business and professional men of the community at long last wanted to attend the luncheons and hear the experts tell what it was all about. Though eventually displaced in large numbers because seating space was limited, Mrs. Pearl and those women she had worked with did have the satisfaction of knowing that it had been their support and interest that had made it possible to carry on an Army Day and Navy Day program all through the years.

Little has been said here of the accomplishments of Mrs. Pearl in the higher echelons of the Auxiliary. But on the department level she was, successively, chairman of the National News committee, radio chairman for five years, parliamentarian, director of Wolverine Girls' State three years, vice president two terms, president, and chairman of the Past Presidents' Parley.

Nationally, Mrs. Pearl has been executive committeewoman for Michigan, was Americanism chairman, War Activities chairman, vice president for the Central



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Division, and for two years prior to her election as National President she served as National Rehabilitation Chairman.

Added to her thorough knowledge of the entire Auxiliary picture, obtained through her wide experience in these important positions, she is outstanding as a public speaker and presiding officer, is a charming and sparkling conversationalist, has a piquant sense of humor, and could make a good living modeling hats if nothing better turned up.

Already well known throughout the nation because of her wide travels in con-

nection with previous national assignments, many who have not previously had an opportunity to know the charming lady who leads the organization this year, will have that opportunity before her term is over. She believes in taking the program of the American Legion Auxiliary to the field. She has already made many appearances, including visits to the Departments of Puerto Rico and Panama, and her itinerary has just really gotten well under way. Those who are privileged to meet and hear her will agree that she is a truly remarkable versatile woman. **THE END**

## THE YOUNG VETERAN LOOKS AT THE LEGION

(Continued from page 15)

in his Area and a committee membership in the Department.

"It's true that the young fellows who takes the bit in their teeth very quickly find that nobody is trying to hold them back," Tom Riley interjected. "But there's another side to the story. Legion leadership is developed in the Posts—and you begin to learn the ropes by working in Post committees. Most Posts are putting the youngsters to work, but not all of them."

**L**IKE his classmates at the Legion College, Tom Riley had risen rapidly in his Department, and wasn't talking through his hat. One of the three vice-presidents of the class, Riley had left the Navy as Chief Quartermaster in November, 1945, and joined Seattle's University Post. Within a year he had become Post Commander and Assistant Department Adjutant. Incidentally, he married his Post Adjutant, an ex-Spar. In spite of her strong Legion sympathies, the missus, Riley reported, is already asking, "Did you marry me or the Legion?" The American Legion College failed utterly to help him with that problem, though many of the gray-beards shook their heads soberly and said, "I know, I know."

Riley went on to stress the importance of placing youngsters on Post committees.

"There are two ways to get on a Post

committee," he said. "The Commander picks you 'cold turkey' out of the crowd, or he appoints you because you volunteer. But in some Posts the Commander is sitting back hoping some of the young fellows will volunteer for committee duties, and the new members are sitting on the edges of their seats hoping they'll be appointed. Out of mutual respect nobody takes the lead, so the Commander continues to dole out the committee memberships to the same workhorses who have proved for 25 years that they will do a responsible job. Most of these old committeemen feel they have done their share—but they are the ones who never said 'No' when asked to work, and they keep on taking the work as long as it's asked of them. This kind of situation even holds in many Posts where the Commander is a younger veteran."

Jack Paskiewicz said, "You can sum it all up by saying that Post Commanders should make it a point to give everyone the opportunity to work, and anyone who wants to work should speak up."

"Check," said the others.

"I think we'd all agree on another point that a lot of ambitious youngsters in the Legion miss," Paskiewicz added. "You can scarcely qualify for office in the Legion unless you work, as we have said, but neither can you qualify nor understand your work unless you study the structure



"Waal, Maw, if he does propose, I kin go duck huntin' cain't I?"

American Legion Magazine

A. A. Wallgren

of the organization. I wish every Legionnaire could attend the Legion College, but that's impossible. However, everyone can take the Legion Extension Institute course.

"We've all been amazed at the scope of the Legion's work as we have grown to understand it here this week, and have been highly impressed with the calibre of the national officers after seeing them on their feet answering our host of questions and challenges. We didn't spare them.

"Above all else, members should learn the power of the Post."

"I'll say, said Riley. They all laughed.

Paskiewicz explained that the joke was on the entire class. They were amused by a lesson they'd learned. They had come out to Indianapolis determined to attack the legendary "king-making," the bogeyman of behind-the-scenes manipulating which, many non-Legionnaires had told them, was the earmark of the Legion and made its status as a democratic organization of war veterans questionable.

"The very first day we began to learn all manner of things about the Legion service programs, and about the power of the Posts to initiate national policy. What struck us was that we hadn't learned all these things in our Posts. Every time we went hog-wild demanding national action on this or that we were told that such proposals originate at home.

"On the second day we were giving the national executives merry hell for failing to whip the Posts up to make them exercise their powers to the limit. We needed the national officers and demanded that they stir the Posts up, lead them.

"They answered us by saying that the Posts, Districts and Departments run themselves and make their own decisions, that the entire structure of the Legion places the initiative in the Posts, and that the duty of the national officers is to follow the policies laid down by the national membership back in their home towns.

"We suddenly saw ourselves in a very funny light," said Jack Paskiewicz. "We had come out here with chips on our

shoulders—ready to fight for more democracy in the Legion. Without our realizing it, our impatience for action put us in the position of demanding a dictatorship.

"But the national executives, whom we proposed to make dictators, kicked us in the pants and told us to go back to our Posts and tell our fellow members that they alone have the power to set whatever course they wish the Legion to follow."

THAT was about the last thing the five young Legionnaires agreed on right from the start. They got themselves in a muddle on the very next point. Riley began it by saying that young Legionnaires want more voice in forming national Legion policy. Lewis agreed and said that in particular the Legion ought to be more outspoken on controversial matters of national importance. Cartmell looked as if he were going to argue with them, but held his peace for a moment, and Clark wasn't sure the Legion ought to be outspoken on everything, but it should certainly assume a positive position on all matters of national importance. All of them appeared in agreement on these things until Cartmell said: "No, I won't go along with you, the way you've said that.

"Younger Legionnaires could have the complete voice in national policy right now," he said, "for they have the majority vote in nearly every Post in the country. Fortunately, Paul Griffith was right, we don't divide up into young *vs.* old.

"The really important business of the Legion is veterans' service. Today the bulk of that service is service to young veterans, and the older men still do most of the work. The youngsters haven't ganged up on them and voted them out of office because the older men are giving their time and experience to help younger veterans, and who are the youngsters that are going to quarrel with that?

"As far as veterans' service is concerned we have the voice, and we are lending it in support of the experienced old timers. In addition to the voice which we have we



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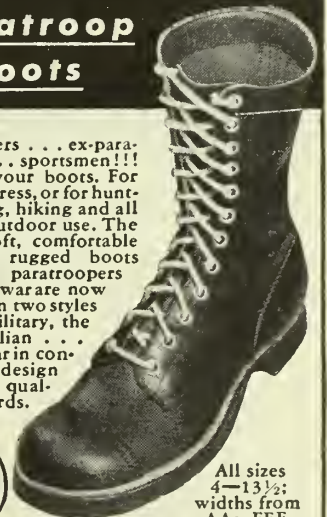
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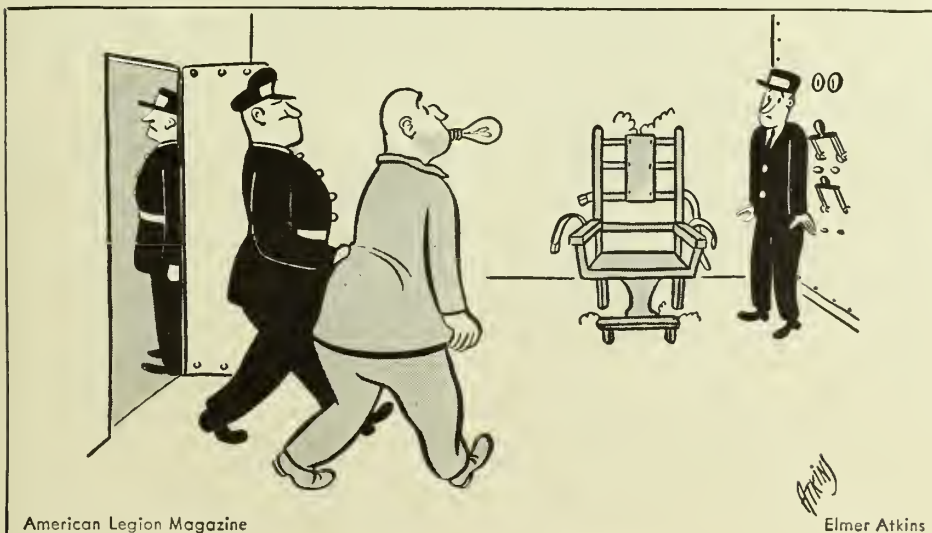
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"How about taking a stand on national issues?" Riley asked him.

“WHAT you’re asking,” Cartmell explained “is that the Legion claim that all war veterans see alike on every national issue. It’s not true, so why force the Legion overboard willy-nilly? Let’s take each issue as it comes, and take a position only when Legionnaires are overwhelmingly of one sentiment. I’m glad we keep our hands clean of a lot of national controversies. That’s what has kept us a genuine veterans’ organization for a generation. When a resolution passes our National Convention you know it is a measure of general, rather than partisan opinion.

"Take a look at some of the stands the Legion has taken in the past. Last October the convention in San Francisco called for compulsory arbitration of labor-management disputes. Large sections of Americans can be classed as pro-labor or anti-

labor, and those same sections are represented within the American Legion—but it would have been a sad day if we, as a veterans' organization, had come out in favor of or against either. Nevertheless the labor-management strife was threatening the welfare of the country and it was the general sentiment of the Legion that it be made a fair fight, and that innocent bystanders be protected.

"I think that under the present set-up of the Legion we always do take a fair and positive stand—when the national welfare appears endangered.

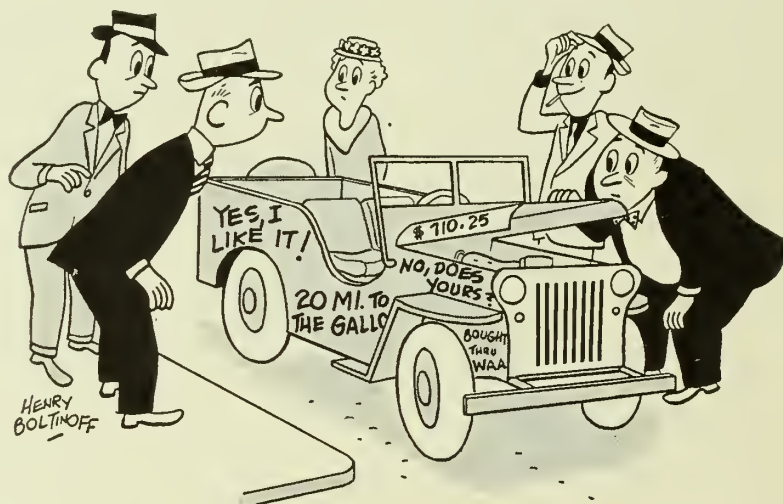
"In any event, each one of us can propose anything he wishes on the floor of his Post, and if the sentiment is the general sentiment of the membership, that proposal will go all the way and emerge as National Legion policy. If it isn't the general sentiment you have no business insisting the Legion adopt it."

Cartmell's colleagues grinned.

"If there's anything we've learned here it is that the Post is the place to start things humming," said Jack Paskiewicz. "I move we stand corrected by Cartmell."

The motion was adopted.

THE END



## BUCK BOSWORTH RIDES AGAIN

(Continued from page 16)

else. For instance, it says on the jacket of one of these treatises: "Ever since the jeep first made its appearance in this war, its sprightly antics have tickled the American funnybone."

Nellie's antics are nothing if not sprightly. But if you are an old jeep rider—and all jeep riders grow old pretty fast—you will be surprised to learn that your funny-bone is not in your elbow at all, but lower down.

TM-9-803 is divided into sections, such as IV—"Operation under unusual conditions." That should have covered the operation I performed on Nellie under very unusual conditions, indeed, when I had to remove her automatic windshield wiper

during a Nebraska snowstorm. But it didn't. If you drive a jeep, you have to write your own book.

I am writing it now, with an eye to the automobile ads and the claims set forth by the manufacturers of luxury cars. Let us examine these to see what the jeep has, and what it needs in the way of improved design.

You hear a lot about Knee Action in the better class limousines. Ha. Nellie has more Knee Action in a mile than one of them has in a thousand. In Nellie, my knees are strategically placed under my chin, ready to knock me out when we hit the first good bump. You read about Wide Angle Visibility. A jeep is all angles and visibility. The angles are in your ribs, and



if you keep your eye to the road you can see the nail at the instant it punctures any one of your four tires.

"Into nowhere," one advertisement says, "vanishes the smoke of your cigarette, the moisture of your breath." They call this a Conditioned Air ride.

Those are pale and weasel words, not to be applied to Nellie, my jeep. If the Willys people ever hire me to write advertising copy for them, it will go something like this: "Into nowhere vanishes your hat, and the spare shirt you are carrying in the back end is as evanescent as the smoke of your cigarette. A jeep ride is fresh, invigorating, and free from the menace of exhaust poisons. Feel the wind and the top in your hair! Drive a jeep across country, and you'll never drive anything else!"

You hear about Fewer Engine Revolutions Per Mile, Super Alloy Pistons, Balanced Carburetion, and such things. So what? There are more revolutions per mile under Nellie's hood than in fifty years of South American history. You never know when she is plotting a new revolution. As for those other things, I wouldn't know. I have never looked under her hood, because I respect her rights to a certain amount of privacy.

**B**UT I would like to see certain improvements made in the jeeps of the future. Blowtorches ought to be mounted just outside the windshield, to keep the glass from icing up in snowstorms. Everybody knows the driver of a jeep suffers less from fatigue than any of his passengers, because he can lean on the wheel. It follows, then, that each passenger should have his own steering wheel. Scientists who are currently striving to harness atomic energy for industrial use are overlooking another great field: surely they could harness the typhoons, williwaws and siroccos that always blow around a jeep when it is on the road, thus converting it to a wind wagon.

And a jeep needs several signs painted on it, to save the driver from having to answer a lot of silly questions. These ought to read:

Yes, I like it.

Bought it through War Assets Administration.

Seven hundred and ten dollars and twenty-five cents.

Twenty miles to the gallon.

Yes.

No, does yours?

Don't get the idea that I don't like Nellie, because I do, even though she loves to throw rocks at her own windshield in hope of hitting me. That is just a bit of playfulness on her part; she is a spirited animal, and still somewhat untamed. She is no huge and impersonal limousine, subject to the ills that follow fine blood lines, but rugged and intimate and warmly common. She scorns such things as coats of arms and titles wrought in chromium. She resented that sissy automatic windshield wiper, and I know if I were to present her with a spotlight, or a two-toned horn, she would get her tail over the dashboard and do something drastic. All she asks is a coarse diet that doesn't contain too many octane vitamins, and an occasional kindly pat on her backsides. If she succeeds in hitting me with a chunk of asphalt, or pitches me off on a lonely road, it is only because she is given to sprightly antics—as the book says. And she runs the better for it, afterward.

I'll whistle her up to the door any day, now, and tell her we are starting home. She'll put on speed when headed for the barn, just as any intelligent horse does. It pleases her to know that when the road jolts her frame, it jolts mine, and that when cold winds whistle around her, they are blowing down my neck.

A jeep is just the vehicle for a man of my kidney (I think I have one left).

THE END

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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### Boyhood Ambition

The other night at our Post meeting one of the members, a lawyer, was making a speech.

"When a boy," he cleared his throat; "I wanted above all else to be a pirate."

From the back of the hall came this retort:

"You're lucky. Not everyone gets to realize his ambition."—By Daniel F. Lindsay

### April Fool!

The Secretary of the Navy announces that henceforth cocktails will be served before evening mess on all naval vessels at sea.

An automobile, complete with bumpers, hub caps, back seat and heater, has just been delivered to a customer in Boston. He received his car the same day the order was placed.

Construction work on four race tracks has been halted and the materials ordered used exclusively for veterans housing.

Joseph Stalin, who was recently offered the atomic bomb secret, has requested that, in the interest of permanent peace, it be held exclusively by the United States.

A white fence has been discovered in Toledo, Ohio, on which "Kilroy Was Here" has never been written.

The very latest thing in fountain pens is now on the market. It blurs under water.

Dick Tracy was killed by a stray bullet in last Sunday's comic section. As a result, the strip will have to be discontinued.

A vacationist reports that hotel rooms in Miami have risen to the unprecedented price of \$3.50 per day.—By Jack Cluett

### DETAIL

When Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell was a squadron commander at a field in Michigan he asked a hard-bitten, grizzled Army sergeant to look after a plot of grass in front of the administration building.

The sergeant promptly appointed a private to water the plot each afternoon at three.

One day, during a terrific thunderstorm, the sergeant stormed into the barracks and caught the private doing bunk fatigue.

"It's 3 o'clock," roared the sergeant. "And you're supposed to be out there watering the grass."

"But, sergeant," the private pleaded, "look at the thunderstorm."

"That's no damn excuse," the sergeant bellowed. "Haven't you got a raincoat?"—By Stanley G. Grayovski

### Remember the Maine?

Forty-seven years after David J. Sullivan, 73, applied for travel pay and subsistence owed to him as a Spanish-American War soldier, he received \$447.49. Declared the Worcester, Mass., resident: "I had a feeling all along that they'd come through."—By Harold Helfer.

### On the Double

Illustrating the speed with which our discharged servicemen operate, Secretary of War Patterson likes to tell this story:

The heribbioned son arrived home, and his father took him aside almost immediately. "Son," he said, solemnly, "I'd like

for you to drop in at the garage and see your old boss when you have time. And I'd like for you to see your grandmother. She's prayed for you every night you've been away. Then, I suppose, you'll want to visit with your girl friend, Mary."

"Oh, I took care of all that!" announced the young man. "On the way up from the station!"

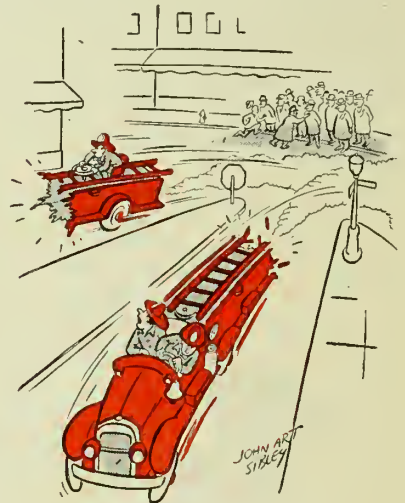
His father expressed surprise, and the son explained:

"Saw my old boss, and didn't like the job he offered me. So I bought the lot across the street from the old garage—to start my own place. Then I went to the bank, the city hall, and then to Grandma's."

"And what about Mary?" asked the father.

"Oh, she wasn't home. So I married her kid sister and left her at Grandma's."—By Tom Gootée

From Fort Sheridan comes the report that an MP who had been sent to pick up an AWOL soldier had gone AWOL.



"Doesn't that guy remind you of Fred?"

American Legion Magazine

John Art Sibley

### We Applaud

A lot of post-prandial speeches  
Are worthy in many respects,  
But the speech after dinner that's always  
a winner,

Is: "Waiter, give me both the checks!"

S. Omar Barker

### Conditioned Reflex

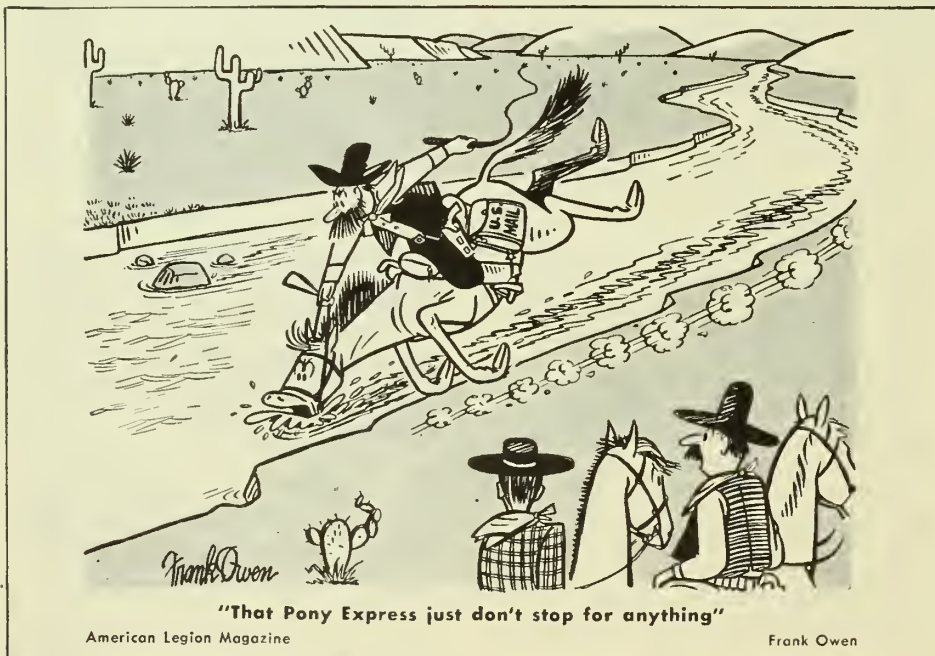
The ship's gunner was home on leave, sitting peacefully before the kitchen fireplace with the family cat. His wife had some shopping to do, and before she left she warned him to keep an eye on the fire.

But the gunner fell asleep.

Cat in lap, two hours passed. And the fire died.

When his wife returned, she took one look at the cold fireplace and ranted: "Fire!"

The startled husband scrambled to his feet, grabbed the cat by the tail, tore open the oven door, rammed the cat inside, slammed the door, stood at attention, and shouted: "Number Two Gun ready!"—By Tom Gootée



"That Pony Express just don't stop for anything"

American Legion Magazine

Frank Owen



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will tell you...*

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*that's your proving  
ground for any cigarette.  
See if Camels don't  
suit your "T-Zone"  
to a "T."*

